

The Critic

An Illustrated Monthly Review
of Literature, Art and Life

Vol. XXXV

NOVEMBER, 1899

No. 869

PARTIAL CONTENTS

Various Aspects of W. D. Howells. By Cornelia Atwood Pratt, Gerald Stanley Lee, and Waldon Fawcett.

Earl Roderick's Bride. A Ballad. By Dora Sigerson Shorter.

The First Folio Shakespeare. By W. J. Rolfe.

Historic New York. By Joseph B. Gilder.

Prologue to "Children of the Ghetto." By I. Zangwill.

Twenty
Cents
a
Copy

PUBLISHED FOR
THE CRITIC CO.
By G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y. LONDON

Two
Dollars
a
Year

Exhibitions at the Keppel Gallery

SEASON OF 1899-1900

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|--|--|
| Nov. 1-15. | <u>MAXFIELD PARRISH</u> | { Drawings Illustrating "The Golden Age," "A History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker," &c. |
| Nov. 16-Dec. 4. | <u>C. D. GIBSON</u> | { Drawings. Fifth Annual Exhibition. |
| Dec. 5-16. | <u>PAUL HELLEU</u> | { Dry-Points and Drawings. |
| Dec. 1899,
Jan. 4, 1900. | { Framed Pictures suitable for Holiday Gifts | |

OTHER EXHIBITIONS WILL BE ANNOUNCED LATER

FREDERICK KEPPEL & COMPANY,

20 EAST SIXTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

The
Remington
Typewriter goes into
Every Corner of the Earth
and does
Good Service
Everywhere

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, NEW YORK

When writing to Advertisers please mention THE CRITIC

Printed at The Knickerbocker Press

GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.
NOV 1 1899

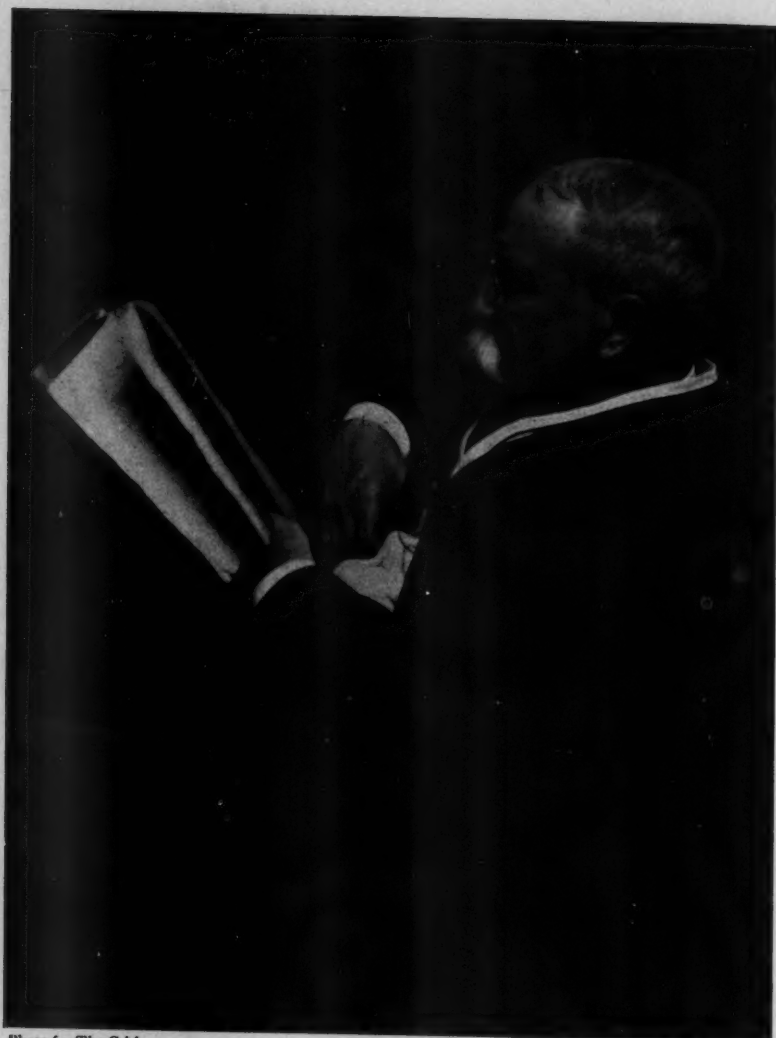


Photo for The Critic

by Miss Ben Yusuf

Yours sincerely
W. P. Donnelly.

The Critic

An Illustrated Monthly Review
of Literature, Art and Life

Vol. XXXV
Old Series

NOVEMBER, 1899

No. 869

The Lounger

There are rumors of many new magazines in the air besides those already announced as forthcoming. One of the most interesting of these is to be a ten-cent monthly in which color-printing will be a conspicuous feature. This will be published by Mr. R. H. Russell, and the first number will probably be out late in November. I am told that it is to have a guaranteed circulation of one hundred thousand copies a month for two years. This means that there is plenty of money behind Mr. Russell's venture, as a magazine does not jump into such a circulation as soon as it is born. Mr. Russell's well-known taste in illustration will give his magazine a distinct value.

Another forthcoming magazine will be published by the Macmillan Co. This, strange to say in these days of half-tones, will not be illustrated. It is to be more or less critical, I understand, with each department of criticism in the hands of an expert critic. I have not yet heard the date of its publication, but I believe it will be some time before the holidays.

As an offset to the magazines that are coming, it may be added that *Harper's Round Table* is going. Its October number was its last. Its passing will no doubt be regretted by an army of young readers. This leaves *St. Nicholas* virtually the only child's monthly magazine in America, and long may it wave!

East and West is the title of a new "monthly magazine of letters," published from 36 West Seventy-fifth Street. The first number is handsomely printed, the type-pages looking not unlike the late *Chap-Book*. There is, perhaps, just a suggestion of the amateur in the prettiness of the journal, but that is not a serious objection.

Mr. George Ade, the creator of the amusing "Artie," has been commended by both Mr. Howells and Mr. William Archer for his unique, if "slangy," humor. Mr. Ade is a young man—I call thirty-three young,—and he is a journalist. Most of his work appears in the columns of the *Chicago Record*. It is afterwards published in book form by Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co. His latest book is "Fables in Slang." The title certainly leaves no one in doubt as to the contents of the book, which after all is a good thing, as titles are so often misleading.



Photo by Platz

Chicago

MR. GEORGE ADE

Mr. Marion Crawford is cruising in European waters in his converted pilot-boat. When he gets tired of being his own captain he will stop at some convenient port and board an ocean liner for New York, where he hopes to arrive some time in November. Am I not right when I say that the life of a successful novelist is the one for me? That is, it is the one I would choose, if I had a choice. Unfortunately, successful novel-writing is a profession to which many are called—or think they are—and few are chosen.



MISS CLARA MORRIS AT HOME

Miss Clara Morris is well known to lovers of the stage for many remarkable impersonations. She used to be with Mr. Daly's company, then later with the brilliant company that Mr. Palmer managed at the Union Square Theatre, but nowadays she is seldom seen in New York. She goes occasionally "on the road" for a short season, but spends the most of her time at her home, The Pines, Riverdale-on-the-Hudson. There she is known to her friends and neighbors as Mrs. Harriott, and there she has lived ever since she was married, some twenty years ago. When not acting, Miss Morris is writing, or perhaps I had better say dictating. She suffers from the curse of insomnia, and as she lies awake through the watches of the night she thinks out her stories. In the morning her husband brings his pencil and pad and takes the story down in shorthand and then writes it out on the typewriter. He learned both typewriting and stenography in



Copyright, 1899, by

ALFRED DE MUSSET
(By Lamy)

Chas. Scribner's Sons

Writing "The Stones of Paris in History and Letters" has been a labor of love for Dr. and Mrs. B. E. Martin. They know their Paris as well as they know London, and its stones have spoken to them with eloquent tongues. It is the sort of book that everyone who loves Paris, and who writes books, will regret that he did not think of doing. A valuable part of these two volumes is the illustrations, which have been collected from every possible source. There are, also, numerous original pen-and-ink drawings that lend variety to its pages. I have been permitted by Messrs. Scribner to print two interesting examples from the book. A chapter from this book on the Paris of Honoré de Balzac appears in the November number of *Scribner's Magazine*.

Miss Pamela Colman Smith, whose color work I have had occasion to mention in complimentary terms in this column, has just returned from a visit to England. While over there, she made color studies of Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry in "Robespierre." Sir Henry was so pleased with her work that he asked her to design a poster for his tour in America. The Doubleday & McClure Co. will soon publish two books illustrated by Miss Smith, "Widdicombe Fair" and "The Golden Vanity and the Green Bed;" the first, in an edition limited to five hundred copies, each numbered and containing an original sketch in color by Miss Smith. The color plates for Miss Smith's books are made with stencils, and each one is retouched by her before it appears in the bookstores. This means a lot of work for the artist and a most satisfactory result for the purchaser, for each and every one has a collection of original water-color drawings, though he is merely supposed to be buying a book of colored illustrations.



It is interesting to note in connection with "Widdicombe Fair," that a company of Devonshire singers are coming to this country to sing old ballads in the very costumes which Miss Smith has copied for the illustrations to her book.



The *Speaker* has changed hands, and the fortunes of the new paper will be watched with interest. It is the aim of the new editors to make the paper, which is the only Liberal weekly review in England, a more vigorous and democratic organ than it has hitherto been. The staff is composed of some of the most distinguished fellows of Oxford colleges, and weekly signed articles will be published, contributed by some of the most eminent writers of the present day, including Mr. John Morley, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Pinero, Mr. Comyns Carr, Mr. Graham Wallas, and Mr. Sydney Webb.



Mr. Stead, the London *Outlook* understands, was moved to send a copy of his brochure, "Shall I Slay my Brother Boer?" to two London editors. One reply ran somewhat thus:

"DEAR MR. STEAD,

"What, in Heaven's name, have I to do with your family affairs?"
"Yours sincerely, —."

And the other:

"MY DEAR SIR,

"By all means—if he insists upon it.

"Yours faithfully, —."



Mr. Leslie Stephen, who never writes unless he has something to say, has just finished a book upon which he has been engaged for the past ten years. It is called "The English Utilitarians," and deals in turn with Jeremy Bentham, James Mill, and John Stuart Mill.



Copyright, 1890, by

D. Appleton & Co.

MISS REBECCA GRATZ *

(From a drawing by John Sartain, after the painting by Thomas Sully)

Mr. J. H. Pearce, whose "Ezekiel's Sin" is published by the J. F. Taylor Co., has written a number of successful novels all of which deal mainly with the Cornish fisherfolk and tanners, and the tragedies or tragi-comedies of their daily lives. In gathering together the material used in his books he has wandered on foot over nearly every portion of the Land's End peninsula, living with the people and learning their ways. Mr. Pearce's novels are praised in high places in England, and are likely to meet with favor in this country when they are better known.

* See page 1041.

Thackeray has been dead for more than thirty-five years, and during that time no adequate life of him has been published. Anthony Trollope, who was probably as unsympathetic a choice as could have been made, wrote a volume on the author of "Vanity Fair" for the English Men of Letters series. Mr. Theodore Taylor wrote about "Thackeray the Humorist and Man of Letters." Mr. Herman Merivale and Mr. Frank Marzials have each had their book on the great novelist, but there has been no real life of him up to the present time. Mrs.



Courtesy of

H. S. Stone & Co.

THACKERAY WHEN A BOY

(From a bust by Deville, in the National Portrait Gallery)

Ritchie's introductions to the Biographical Edition of her father's works have given us the freshest and most intimate account of him that we have had from any source, except, perhaps, in her delightful "Some Unwritten Memories" and in the Brookfield letters. The two volumes by Mr. Lewis Melville, of which Messrs. Herbert S. Stone & Co. are the publishers, form the first real biography of Thackeray to be published. Mr. Melville admits that Thackeray's family have abstained from writing a life of him, or authorizing one to be written, because of his expressed wish that such a thing should not be done. "Let there be none of this when I go," he said to his daugh-

ters after reading the biography of someone just then published. Mr. Melville thinks it was a mistake to interpret this remark literally, and he even casts a doubt upon the truth of the story. "I cannot," he writes rather disingenuously, "think that Thackeray wished the story of his life to remain untold. I think his only desire was that the truth should be told, that all the faults should be painted in the portrait; for he himself liked to read the lives of literary men." Perhaps this may be as Mr. Melville wishes to believe, but, at the same time, I think that if his family had not been pretty certain that they would have been acting against his wishes in writing, or authorizing a life to be written, they would not have refused to gratify Thackeray's many admirers by publishing a complete and exhaustive biography. I notice, in reading Mr. Melville's preface, that, in thanking this one and that one for assistance and encouragement in writing his book, he makes no mention of Mrs. Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, nor of Mr. Leslie Stephen, Thackeray's son-in-law.

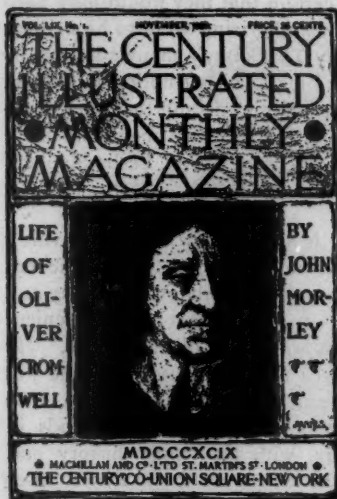
It may be said at once that there is nothing new in Mr. Melville's two volumes. On the other hand, it must be admitted that he has gathered together nearly all that has been written about Thackeray and arranged it between the covers of these two books in a most convenient form. Mr. Melville's "Life" is not without a distinct value. He has drawn upon every available source for information, and he has arranged his material in a concise and entertaining manner. The two volumes are divided into chapters covering certain periods in Thackeray's life, beginning, naturally, with his family history and coming down through every period in his career to his death. For instance, we have Thackeray the man, Thackeray and the stage, Thackeray as a writer, public speaker, artist, art critic, etc. There is a full bibliography and an appendix giving the opinions expressed by his contemporaries of his genius and personal charm. Mr. Melville proves that there has been no successful dramatization of any of Thackeray's novels, but then this book was written before Mr. Mitchell's dramatization of "Vanity Fair" was produced.

It is announced that a well-known publishing firm have arranged with Mrs. Langtry to furnish them with a volume of her memoirs. Mrs. Langtry should be able to cover a number of topics,—society and sport as well as the stage. If she writes truthfully, fiction may well hide its diminished head.

Matthew Arnold, in one of his lectures in this country, declared Benjamin Franklin and Emerson to be America's greatest men. The mind of each was imaginative and daring, yet imagination was controlled by a natural sagacity that made itself felt in their writings, and in the case of the earlier man enabled him to render public services of inestimable value. No autobiography surpasses Franklin's in interest

and popularity; but it ends at the threshold of his career as a diplomat—the most attractive period of his life to the biographer, for, while an American at heart, he was a cosmopolitan by habit, and passed many of his most fruitful years abroad. American history presents no personality more interesting than his. In science and philosophy he had no equal in his day, in statesmanship no superior, and in the many-sidedness of his genius he has had no rival since. A book might easily be written on his connection with any one of the professions with which

he was identified, and Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, in "The Many-Sided Franklin," published last month by the Century Co., has produced a series of papers in each of which he treats especially of a single phase of Franklin's varied activity. The printer, the journalist, the inventor, the diplomatist, the administrator, the family man, the lover, and the friend, are in turn set before the reader, the man himself, by this method, being revealed in his habit as he lived. Piquant personal details of a sort too apt to be ignored by the formal historian are introduced informally by a hand that served its apprenticeship at this manner of biographical



joiner-work in the writing of "The True George Washington"; and the text is very fully illustrated, in large part from rare originals in the literary treasure-houses of America.



If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, what then is plagiarism? How intensely must a man admire another man's work when he is willing to sign his own name to it. Mr. T. B. Aldrich has had more than his share of this very annoying form of flattery forced upon him. Only a short time ago I "showed up" an English poet who sold a paraphrase of "Baby Bell" to a London magazine as his own. Now comes an even more flagrant case from France. M. Aurélien Scholl is publishing a series of Mr. Aldrich's earlier stories in the Paris *Gaulois*, signed with his own name. A bold thing to do one would think, particularly as Mme. Blanc has published a volume of translations from these same stories in Paris with the author's name on the title-page. One of these stories, "Quite So," under the name "La Relique," was copied into the *Courrier des États Unis* of this city recently with M. Scholl's name duly appended. This certainly is playing with a two-edged sword.

According to the fall announcements of the English publishers, authors are as busy across the water as they are here. "Poetry is sadly declining," says the *Publishers' Circular*, "but our greatest living poet is to give us a volume for which, it may be added, lovers of literature are looking eagerly. The novel is as much in evidence as ever, though it is noticeable there is rather a dearth of fiction from writers of established reputation. Mr. Blackmore, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, Mrs. Ward, and Miss Corelli are all silent. Within the last month, however, several novelists of note have issued new stories, and promising works of fiction are to come. For good or evil, the novel holds the field, and, unless taste changes unexpectedly, is not likely to be pushed aside for some time to come. Moreover, despite the sneers of the superior person, it has to be acknowledged that the best things done in literature to-day are done by writers of fiction. History in the old sense seems to be neglected. There is no successor, we will not say to Gibbon or Macaulay or Carlyle, but to Froude or Green or Freeman. This is a defect on which foreign critics are beginning to dwell, though even the number of foreign historians of note is falling."



In America the historian is well to the front. The coming season promises much that is distinguished in the line of history, as was proved in the fall announcements printed in the October number of *THE CRITIC*. We are to have histories from the pens of Maclay, McMaster, Schouler, Rhodes, and Fiske, not to mention the Hon. Thomas Watson, the second volume of whose "Story of France" will soon be ready.



By the way, I wonder who the *Publishers' Circular* means by "our greatest living poet." Do you suppose it refers to Swinburne, or Kipling, or Yeats? Dr. Nicoll would say to Mr. Yeats, but perhaps there is a "dark horse" in the ring.



Miss Harriet Monroe, herself a poet of no mean gifts, writes from Chicago apropos of Mr. Yeats's dreams and Dr. Nicoll's eulogy of them: "Please do not accuse Dr. Robertson Nicoll of 'having written sarcastic' in his generous praise of the verses by Mr. Yeats. If he did, how shall I cover my confusion?—for I take him quite seriously, and quite seriously agree with him. Like him, I find the young Irishman's eight lines beautiful with a beauty unattainable by Mr. Kipling. And probably it is true that the Doctor's praise would not be stronger if the poet spelled his name with a K instead of a Y, for it is only you editors who may estimate the value of a poem by its signature. Let me think—was there not a time when your predecessors placed little value upon the signature of Mr. Keats? And, *a priori*, may not your successors some day prize quite unreasonably the signature of Mr. Yeats? Meantime is it not the duty of poets and doctors to lift up their voices in anticipation of your wiser second thought?"

Is not Miss Monroe begging the question? That Keats was not fully appreciated from the first is no reason for assuming that seventy years hence Mr. Yeats will rank as his peer. I have no misgivings about my own sober second thought as to the eight lines in question.

They strike me as expressing a pretty fancy in awkward verse. If I think differently in 1970, I will publicly recant.



MISS BATES AND MR. WORTHING IN "CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO"

While one may not always agree with Dr. Nicoll's opinion of authors, no one can deny that he is a very Columbus in the way of literary discovery. There are a number of editorial workers here in the East who read the San Francisco *Argonaut* with more avidity than they read their Sunday paper, and this largely on account of the editorial page, for there are few more entertaining editorial writers than those upon the staff of the *Argonaut*. Quite recently I have noticed a curious array of letters in very small type at the foot of each editorial and scattered elsewhere throughout the paper. It reads thus: jahart. I thought at first that it was one of those cabalistic signs one notices at the foot of advertisements in country newspapers—e o w t f, and the like, while a friend of

mine who is devoted to the *Argonaut* thought that it was like the biblical "Selah." At last I discovered that the funny little word was the editor's signature, J. A. Hart, which, in compliance with some new State law, is signed to every article in the paper written or inspired by him. Dr. Nicoll has made the same discovery. He has long been a subscriber to the *Argonaut*, and he devotes two columns of the *British Weekly* to its editor, not so much to his cleverness as to his industry, and computes that to write, or even "inspire," the articles signed by him he must work at least nine hours a day. Where are the walking delegates that they do not order jahart to strike? But then, may a man strike against himself, even if ordered to do so by a walking delegate?

Prologue to "Children of the Ghetto"

Behold, O friends who stern in judgment sit,
A hidden world the footlights ne'er have lit,
A world whose day and night, whose sun and shade,
By spinning round the ancient Law are made,
Whose springs and winters take—whate'er the clime—
From old Jerusalem their changeless time.
Still in God's love the chosen people basks,
But ah! what tragic price Jehovah asks!
How strange a miracle this deathless life,
Aye, with itself and all the world at strife!
This life that links us to the purple past
Of Babylon and Egypt, all the vast
Enchantment of the ancient Orient,
And yet with London and New York is blent,—
The life that lives, though Greece and Rome are dust,
And Spain's inquisitorial racks are rust,
And, though so faded from the ancient glory,
When Kings and Prophets shone in Israel's story,
Is brightening once again, though who shall say,
With light of Eastern or of Western day?
Our drama shows a phase transitional,
Young love at war with ancient ritual—
How dead laws living, loving hearts may fetter,
The contest of the Spirit and the Letter.
Yet noble too, that kissing of the rod,
That stern obedience to the word of God,
In godless days when sweated Hebrews scout
The faith their sunless lives are dark without.

But do not deem the Ghetto is all gloom;
The Comic Spirit mocks the ages' doom,
And weaves athwart the woof of tragic drama,
The humors of the human panorama.
The poet vaunts, the hypocrite goes supple,
The marriage-broker mates the bashful couple,
The peddler cries his wares, the player aces,
Saint jostles sinner, fun with wisdom paces,
The beggars prosper, and the babes increase,
And over all the Sabbath whispers, "Peace!"

In brief, we picture you a world in *petto*,
A seething world of "Children of the Ghetto."

I. ZANGWILL.

Mrs. Burnett has departed from her usual choice of titles in her new novel which will be published by Messrs. Scribner, and called "In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim."



Courtesy of

W. H. Grobe

ROBERT BROWNING
(From an amateur photograph)

"Browning, Poet and Man : A Survey," by Miss Elisabeth Luther Cary, will be published immediately by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. In calling her book a survey, Miss Cary means to indicate the absence of any attempt to throw new light upon Browning's already illuminated work. She merely claims to have looked over the ground covered by his life and poetry. With this modest disclaimer, she disarms criticism.

The book is full of most interesting illustrations, from which I have selected three; one of the latest, if not the latest, portrait of Browning and two pen-and-ink sketches made by him. I think that if Browning had turned his attention to art, he would have done some very clever work. For his sketches, crude as they are, have certain interesting qualities.

28

Tolstoy is said to have rewritten "Resurrection" eight or ten times. I am curious to see how the public will receive this remarkable story. The plot, as has already been said, is a strong and dramatic one, but it is told in strong language; too strong, I should think, for the average reader.



advice to the Port Grates

From the Art Journal

SKETCH BY BROWNING

London

Mme. Edmond Adam has retired from the editorship of the *Nouvelle Revue*, which she founded in 1879. This, I take it, does not mean that the *Revue* will not have the benefit of her editorial advice. Mme. Adam is not only a successful editor, but she is a successful writer, and she is the only woman in France who is the mistress of a real salon. There are any number of French ladies who entertain distinguished guests, but Mme. Adam's drawing-rooms are more like those of Mme. Recamier and Mme. Mohl.

Lord Wolseley has written an essay on Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War, which will appear as an introduction to the second edition of Colonel Henderson's book on Jackson, published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. Lord Wolseley thinks so much of Colonel Henderson's work that he hopes it may be followed with another volume continuing the story of the Civil War to its close.



From the Art Journal

SKETCH BY BROWNING

/ London

It is stated "on the authority of a gentleman connected with *McClure's Magazine*," says the *Publishers' Circular*, that Messrs. Harper & Brothers paid Gen. Lew Wallace \$100,000 for "The Prince of India," and lost \$75,000. This goes to prove that an author may write one successful book and not necessarily another. "The Prince of India" would have been a great success if it had not been handicapped with such a price. It probably sold a larger number than an ordinary successful novel. Notwithstanding this experience, Messrs. Harper & Brothers paid Du Maurier, on the strength of the success of "Trilby," \$50,000 for "The Martian," which, while not a failure, had none of the success of "Trilby." Whether they were out of pocket on the venture, I do not know, but if they counted on the "Trilby" sale, they were. And yet authors of reputation will continue to demand large prices, and publishers will pay them. Mr.

Heineman paid Mr. Hall Caine a price between that paid for "The Prince of India" and "The Martian," and he will pay more, I am told, for Mr. Caine's new novel. Notwithstanding the large price he paid for "The Christian," he made plenty of money out of it. He may do even better with the new volume, and he may not do as well.



As a reprint of the first edition of "The Island," by Richard Whiteing, author of "No. 5 John Street," is advertised by a Western publisher, The Century Co. announces that, by special arrangement with Mr. Whiteing, a new edition of this romance, now in press, will be issued before the end of the month. For this edition, which is practically a new book, the author has prepared a special preface and two entirely new chapters, bringing the story in touch with recent movements in literary Paris. One of these chapters is entitled "A Soirée of Nations," the other "The Light of the Age." The new edition of "The Island" is copyrighted by The Century Co., and is the only authorized American edition of the book as it stands to-day. "I republish it," says Mr. Whiteing in the preface to this edition, "with the more pleasure as it was the first result of my attempt to open a new path in romance. I have ever thought that our modern problems of human destiny should bear an emotional setting. All spring from the heart, and must return to it for their final appeal. Why should the great moving causes which stir so much the passion of pity on the one side, the passion of the sense of wrong on the other, be shut out of romantic literature—democracy, the cause of our age, above all? It is to think poorly of fiction to narrow its bounds in any such way. We do it wrong, being so majestic."



Mr. Frederick Keppel is a leader in the crusade against feathers as ornaments for ladies' hats. Mr. Keppel made a suggestion in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, while he was in London, which he thinks may "put an end to this pitiful state of things." His suggestion is: "That some person of good taste should design a small badge or emblem, to be worn in the trimming of ladies' hats. It might be a distinctive buckle, or ring, or star, or a small representation of a bird alive and happy. We know that here in France men are very proud to wear the small red button which indicates that the wearer is a member of the Legion of Honor; and such a badge as I have suggested, when worn in a lady's hat, would enrol her as belonging to a 'legion of honor' indeed! It would announce to all beholders—and far more strongly than either words or print: 'I am quite aware that the present fashion prescribes that I should wear the plumage of a slaughtered bird in this hat; but believing as I do that since God made the bird it has just the same right to live out its life as I have to live out my own, I will neither wantonly kill an innocent bird myself nor in any way will I encourage others to kill it.'"

The following is sent me from England as a specimen of what becomes of a telegram in English handed in at Rennes for transmission to London. The message was received verbatim as printed below. I do not give all of it:

" scene followed scene ohio nomning until lurost bejin olit affaire labori not affaire dreyfus consel witéing contradiction between evidence witness named grandmaison and roger ankéd permission recall latter président refused all lebons plunderings failed jethin changer decision counsel sat down looking determined grt roget whoglared athm abbai afain before very lony sensation ir close i audience deposition de muller whoswich seeines copy libre parole in german emperors room potsdam ou 5 november 1894 with meynam noqe red pencit dreyfus is airested."

Here follows the same telegram as it appears when translated back from telegraphese to newspaperese:

" Scene followed scene this morning, until it almost began to look like an 'Affaire Labori,' and not an 'Affaire Dreyfus.' Counsel, noting the contradiction between the evidence of a witness named Grandmaison and that of Gen. Roget, asked permission to recall the latter. The President refused, and all Maître Labori's pleadings failed to get him to change his decision. Counsel sat down looking determinedly at Gen. Roget, who glared at him back again. Before very long a sensation was in store for the audience in the deposition of M. Muller, who swore to seeing a copy of the *Libre Parole* in the German Emperor's room at Potsdam on 5 Nov., 1894, with a marginal note in red pencil, 'Dreyfus is arrested.'"



The manuscript of Milton's minor poems has been preserved for upwards of two hundred years in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. Miltonians will be interested to learn, says the *London Daily Chronicle*, that the relic has been reproduced in facsimile for publication by the University Press. The work has been done by Mr. Dew-Smith, under the superintendence of Mr. Aldis Wright, vice-master of Trinity. The manuscript, of which the greater part is in Milton's own hand, consists of forty-seven pages. It contains the "Arcades," "Comus," "Lycidas," several of the "Sonnets," and the first sketch of "Paradise Lost" as a drama.



Mr. Hall Caine has contributed a preface to the new edition of "The Christian," from which I quote: "The novel was intended to make the public think. It did make the public think, and if it made the more violent of them swear and strike as well, it was not for me to lament. I had struck the first blow, openly I knew, fairly I believed, effectively I hoped, and I was not going to groan if my adversaries struck back, or even to whine and whimper when (as sometimes happened) they seemed to strike below the belt."

Mr. Caine knows a good advertisement when he sees it. He continues: "Literary criticism in England is not so much better than political criticism that the public can at any time afford to neglect the duty of thinking for themselves. It is not for me to say whether in

the days when I was a critic myself I was a worthy example of my class, but I remember that, even while I was beginning to study the rudimentary principles of the great and beautiful art which I now try to practise (and I know too well I can never master), I was laying down the law with regard to it in the columns of the first literary journals in the world."

That Mr. Caine thinks his voice prophetic is shown by what he says in regard to certain things that have agitated the Church since his novel appeared: "They have also witnessed the progress of the problems of girl life in great cities, and led to practical efforts towards social purity on the part of the wife of the Bishop of London and other ladies. And they have seen still further developments of the social movement now widespread in London, which aims at bringing the Church to the people by help of whatsoever is innocent and pure and of good report in their daily pleasures."

Mr. Caine is always an interesting and often a curious writer, never more curious or interesting than when writing about himself.



EVERYONE HAS HIS HOBBY



PILGRIM FOLLY

Prof. Ephraim Emerton, who writes of Erasmus in the "Heroes of the Reformation" series, pays a doubtful compliment to the old writer's wit when he says that the "Praise of Folly" is "about as funny as an average copy of *Punch*." The "Folly" of Erasmus is a female, which shows his opinion of the sex to have been as poor as Professor Emerton's opinion of *Punch*. Perhaps the most amusing things in the "Praise of Folly" are the rude woodcuts by Holbein. Erasmus is more brilliant in most of his other writings. He certainly was a wonderful man, though his biographer thinks that he would have laughed at the idea of being called a hero. It was more of a compliment to be called a hero when Erasmus lived than it is to-day. Now that the newspapers coin heroes as easily as they coin words, the term has lost much of its significance.

The "American Anthology," upon which Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman has been engaged for a number of years, has been completed and will now be published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. early in the new year. Mr. Stedman, assisted by a corps of secretaries, has worked hard and faithfully on this book. Two illnesses from which he has suffered delayed the publication of the book beyond the time first announced for its appearance, but now, I understand that it is complete, and we are to be congratulated upon its speedy publication. The compilation will now represent the entire nineteenth century and, necessarily, contain more matter than its predecessor, the "Victorian Anthology," now in its seventh edition. The new book will have biographical notes and an introduction by the editor. There will be two editions, one a regular library edition and one on large paper. Every one who knows Mr. Stedman knows that he is one of the pluckiest of men; notwithstanding his ill-health, he has continued his work upon the "Anthology" even at this disadvantage. It is, in a way, his *magnum opus*, for though known to the world as a poet, he has even a wider reputation as a critic, especially a critic of poetry, and what he has to say about the poets who appear in his "Anthology" will be generally accepted as the final word.



I have had a number of letters calling my attention to plagiarism on the part of Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams. He is accused of having plagiarized his "The Cub Reporter and the King of Spain" from Mr. Bliss Perry's "The Incident of the British Ambassador." On the other hand, I have had letters calling attention to the plagiarism of Mr. Perry from Mr. Williams. Let me assure my correspondents that there is no plagiarism on either side. The incident described in these two stories occurred at Princeton about 1894. Both Mr. Perry and Mr. Williams are Princeton men. They knew the story and were impressed by its adaptability to literary purposes. The two writers are friends. Each knew that the other was going to use the same material, and each was to treat of it in a different way. Mr. Perry has treated it more as literature; Mr. Williams from a journalist's point of view. Mr. Williams's story was written first, but was not published in *Scribner's Magazine* until after Mr. Perry's story, which was written later, had appeared in the columns of *McClure's*. These are the facts in the case, and I hope that they are sufficiently satisfactory to clear both writers from the charge of plagiarism.



Mr. Rider Haggard having found a gold mine in literature, and worked it to the last vein, has now gone to Alaska to dig the precious metal from the earth. He is said to have paid half a million dollars for "Sailor Bill" Partridge's claim. There seems to be more gold in Alaska than in literature. I don't know many authors who would not part with their claims in the fields of literature for even less than half a million good American dollars.

Two of the most popular of American humorists, one a verse writer, the other a writer of prose, died before fulfilling the promise that was held out by their work. The verse writer was "Ben" King, who died suddenly four years ago, at Bowling Green, Ky. The other, W. J. Kountz, Jr., who died suddenly in August last in this city. Mr. King was the author of the amusing lines beginning:

" Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from being nude."

He also wrote an amusing parody on the popular poem, "If I should die to-night":

" If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—
If I should die to-night
And you should come in deepest grief and woe
And say, ' Here 's that ten dollars that I owe '—
I might arise in my large white cravat
And say, ' What 's that ? '

" If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel—
I say, if I should die to-night
And you should come to me and there and then
Just even hint of paying me that ten,
I might rise the while;
But I 'd drop dead again."



Mr. Kountz's name is not so well known, but his pen name, " Billy Baxter," is known to thousands, although he had published only three little pamphlets, which were used to circulate the advertisement of a mineral water. Mr. Kountz was a Princeton man, a famous foot-ball player, and very popular among his fellows. Those who knew him say that he talked exactly like the little sketches that he wrote or rather dictated. These sketches had already attracted the attention of editors and publishers, and I am told that he received, a short time before his death, over thirty letters from those who were anxious to have him write for their periodicals, or to publish a book by him, if he would only write one. One London paper offered him a large price to write a series of " Billy Baxter " letters from New York, but he declined all these offers, not so much because he did not appreciate them, as because he could not settle down to regular work of that sort. Mr. Kountz was a genuine humorist, though the sketches that he wrote were rather too " slangy " for publication in family magazines. If, however, he had given his time to literary work, he would have made his mark.



It is pleasing to hear of the success of Mr. Clyde Fitch's new play, "Barbara Fritchie," in which Miss Julia Marlowe plays the heroine. Notwithstanding the preference of American managers for foreign plays an American playwright does occasionally get an opportunity, and he usually rises to it in a way that should encourage the managers. I think, however, that it does not please them, for it proves that they have no excuse for not producing American plays.



The following gem of English provincial verse, sent Dr. Rolfe in a letter from Exeter, has doubtless been in print before, but very likely it will be new to many readers of THE CRITIC, as it was to him. A bishop of Exeter, visiting an outlying village church, was astonished at hearing it sung in his honor.

"Why skip ye zo, ye little 'ills?
Why skip? why skip? why skip?
Why? Jez becuz we 'm glad to zee
His grace, the lard bishop!"

"Why 'op ye zo, ye leetle lambs?
Why 'op? why 'op? why 'op?
Why? Jez becuz we 'm glad to zee.
His grace, the lard bishop!"

The Morality of Dulness

IN commenting upon the proposed idea of a religious daily newspaper, a paper which should publish no scandals, "reports of prize-fights, horse-races, or even theatres," but should be conducted on the lines of unimpeachable propriety, THE CRITIC justly remarks that such a paper would be "deadly dull." This conclusion arouses an inquiry, interesting from the point of view both of ethics and art, as to the cause of the piquancy of evil and the "deadly dulness" of strict morality manifested, not in the living, but in the setting-forth. Do the respectable and intellectual readers of the daily journals cherish a secret liking for what they openly deplore; or, since this is scarcely possible, is there some deeper cause in the constitution of things which gives a fatal necessity to sensationalism—using the word in a restricted sense, and not as implying the widest license of the press?

Such a cause is, indeed, not far to seek. Of the two aspects in which life may be viewed, the positive and the negative, or the normal and the abnormal, the latter alone lends itself to the needs of the story-teller, be he gossip, news-reporter, or novelist. If I am told that my neighbor Smith is well, that his wife is devoted and his children dutiful, the information pleases, but excites little interest. Tell me that Smith is dangerously ill, that his wife has deserted him, and that his children have broken his heart,—and a dozen inquiries as to the how and wherefore immediately present themselves. The information

now is news, and this not necessarily because I have a taste for the details of scandal, but because the undemonstrable norm of existence has become abnormal and aggressive fact. The vast forces that make for righteousness are as silent as those of gravity and chemical affinity. Thus it would superficially appear that loud-voiced Evil rides triumphant; and it is difficult to concede with Browning that "Evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound." Goethe makes the Devil acknowledge himself to be "the spirit that denies," and he gains a certain advantage by that attitude. To the exposition of a simple truth we lend no great attention. A man tells us nothing who declares that the sun shines; but let him deny the fact, and we listen, though we must account him a madman. Pessimism is a constant denial, and it owes thereto its popularity with minds of a certain temper, those attracted by the devious unfoldings of the unexpected. A whole world lies open in this direction. The road is broad and easy, and infinite are the fields to which it leads. The uninitiated are deceived by the results, and fancy that what are called "strong" situations in the novel and the drama manifest artistic and difficult execution. Nothing, in fact, is less difficult.

Plato remarks: "Does not the rebellious principle furnish a great variety of materials for imitation? Whereas the wise and calm temperament, being nearly always equable, is not easy to imitate, or to appreciate when imitated, especially at a theatre in which all sorts of men are gathered together. For the feeling which is represented is one to which they are strangers. The imitative poet is not by nature made, nor his art intended, to affect or please the rational principle, if his object is to be popular; but he will prefer the passionate and fitful temper which is easily imitated."

The poets of Plato's day are quite exactly represented by the popular novelists of our own, and in a broader sense by the journalists who sway the minds of a larger audience than could crowd the amphitheatres. What was easy then is easy now. The difficult task would be to lend interest to any manifestation in popular literature of the "wise, calm, equable," temperament. A newspaper devoted to its exposition would be "deadly dull."

The fit audience for the higher literature sits, as it has always sat, in mountain stillnesses apart, and listens to those truths which affect one with "thin, piercing radiances like the light of stars." Its prophets have never been silent, but their message is an incommunicable one. He who has ears for it alone can hear it.

Meantime the noisy world goes on its way, and the multitude, for their money, obtain the wares they seek. And who, until the coming of some regenerating millennium, can hope to reform their taste?

CONSTANCE GODDARD DUBOIS.



Twaddle about Stevenson

THE long delay in bringing out the authorized life of Robert Louis Stevenson has encouraged inconsiderable people who had a slight acquaintance with the famous novelist to publish books about him. One of these, "Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days,"* has just come to hand. The author, Miss E. Blantyre Simpson, is the sister of Sir Walter Simpson, who went with Stevenson on the canoeing trip immortalized in "An Inland Voyage." She met her brother's friend several times when he was about eighteen. On the strength of that slight acquaintance Miss Simpson has written a book of 326 pages.

It will be a disappointment to lovers of R. L. S., as it contains no new facts about his romantic life and is absolutely unsympathetic and dull. Of his ill-health, for instance, against which he made such a gallant fight, Miss Simpson says, "it is more than probable that he might be one of those creaking doors which are said to hang longest." His gift of vivid talk is described thus: "His ability to weld his ideas into specific language made him a peerless speaker, and of an evening his thoughts translated into decorative words entertained all who listened." Much of this sort of thing would sicken the public with the name of Shakespeare. Every variety of anecdote is gathered together as personal reminiscence. Not being an American the lady has overlooked the cherry tree and the little hatchet, but the rest are all there, hoary with the age of centuries.

The early part of the book is padded out with descriptions of the author's father and mother, his ancestors on both sides of the house, his uncles and his nurse, with, incidentally, a pen picture of the infant Stevenson: "We can conjure up the image of the future author at this stage in a hat bulky with protecting ear-bows, absurdly chubby of cheek, with his dark eyes alertly noting the things of color and life within his range or contemplating other juveniles with placid condescension, as in this wordless state of existence they passed one another by with exchange of infantile smiles." Miss Simpson does a good deal of "conjuring" in the course of her 326 pages! We are told that he "was reared in a home where he was lapped in love."

Of an ancestor Miss Simpson gives this somewhat involved account: "Thomas Smith, who was an enterprising man, began to trade with the Northern Lights Commissioners, and he brought to their notice the advantages of oil lamps and reflectors as compared with open fires of coals. He had a daughter by a previous marriage. His stepson, young Robert Stevenson, fixed on this semi-sister as his helpmeet, and found in her a piously inclined douce wife. From among the many children she bore him but three of the sons survived, the future builders of harbors and those great pharoses which form round our coasts a chain of brilliant, helpful Northern Lights."

Throughout the book Miss Simpson refers to the author continually

* Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

as "Louis," giving an air of familiarity as though she were his closest friend. How he would have recoiled from the expression, "Ships bulk largely in Louis's tales"! Her style is very ornate and tangled with words. Instead of saying simply that the child loved his father, "No caressing and adoration," she says, "that had been lavished upon this sole monarch of the nursery was half so much appreciated by his majesty as the kindly glance he saw beam on him from out of his father's deep-set eyes," etc.

The book is sprinkled with quotation marks. She starts off boldly describing the manse, the home of Mrs. Thomas Stevenson. "An ever-increasing circle of villas, boasting like upstarts of the supremacy of their high and salubrious site, look down on the old manse to-day from the rim of that once secluded den now a suburb of Edinburgh where—" and here she falls into quotations. No detail is too small for her elaboration. The author feeding a pug dog with sugar is strung out over three pages. The really interesting incident of Mr. Stevenson presenting Miss Annie Ide with his birthday (which she wrongly attributes to the late Miss Adelaide Ide) Miss Simpson characterizes as a "queer quirk."

Fortunately, Mr. Stevenson's fame stands no chance of being diminished by this aimless twaddle. His own letters, soon to appear in book form, will give a rich picture of his noble and romantic life. This poor volume fell flat in London. The English are too well accustomed to patchwork bookmaking to nibble at the bait of "Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days"!

Dead Hopes

THAT gray creeps not on the shining air,
But on uplifted faces pale;
They fell not from the branches bare,
Those leaf-like things on the winds that wail,
Those wraith-like shapes on the winds that wail.

Those are not leaves on the wind that grieves,
Never that sad is Nature's art;
A day, a day of joy that deceives,
Then so are they driven, shed hopes of the heart,
Then so are they riven, dead hopes of the heart.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.



Earl Roderick's Bride

It was the Black Earl Roderick
Who rode towards the south;
The frown was heavy on his brow,
The sneer upon his mouth.

Behind him rode a hundred men
All gay with plume and spear;
But not a one did lilt a song
His weary way to cheer.

So stern was Black Earl Roderick
Upon his wedding day,
To none spoke he a single word
Who met him on his way.

And when he reached the castle
wall,
Wherein his bride did wait,
He blew three blasts upon the horn
That hung beside the gate.

"Now who be ye who blow so
strong,
And all so gaily ride?"
"It is the Black Earl Roderick
Who comes to claim his bride."

"Come in, come in, Earl Roderick,
Come in, or you be late;
The priest is ready in his stole,
The wedding guests await."

And then the stern Earl Roderick
From his fierce steed came
down;
The sneer still curled upon his lip,
His eyes still held the frown.

He strode right haughtily and
quick
Into the banquet hall,
And stood among the wedding
guests,
The greatest of them all.

He gave scant greeting to the
throng,
He waved the guests aside:
"Now haste, for I, Earl Roderick,
Will wait long for no bride.

"And I must in the saddle be
Before the night is gray;
So, quickly with the marriage
lines,
And let us ride away."

While spoke the great Earl Roderick
There came into the hall
His little bride, all trembling,
As though she soon must fall.

Her mother held her snow-white
hand
And wept most bitterly;
She whispered, "If I had my will
This thing should never be."

Her father muttered in his beard,
"Thus do the clans unite;
Yet were there other way, I vow,
This troth they should not
plight."

And when the two were wedded
one,
He raised his hand and said,
"This is the link that binds the
clans;
God's blessing on her head."

But now the stern Earl Roderick
His presence did deny;
He mounted on his fretting steed
With but a scant good-bye.

His bride he set before him there,
And rode upon his way,
And all his sullen men-at-arms
With wedding-favors gay.

And to his weary little bride
He spoke no gentle word;
She fluttered, weeping on his
breast,

Like to some wounded bird;

For in his heart the gloomy Earl
Had spoke a bitter thing:

"Oh, 't is not on your hand I
love

To see my golden ring.

"I, wedding thus the stranger
child,

Keep the clans united,
But set my own true love aside,
Broke the troth I plighted."

It chanced that Black Earl Rod-
erick

Had but been wed a year,
When came to him a serving-lass,
Within her eye a tear.

"Alas," she said, "Earl Rod-
erick,

'T is well that you should know
That each gray eve, lone wander-
ing,
My mistress dear doth go.

"She comes with sorrow in her
eyes

Home in the dawning light.
My Lord, she is too weak and
young
To travel in the night."

Now stern grew Black Earl Rod-
erick,

But answered not at all;
He took his hunting harness down
That hung upon the wall,

And quickly went he to the chase,
And slowly came he back,
And there he met his old sweet-
heart,
Who stood across his track.

And, "Oh, proud Earl Roderick,"
She said, "I bring to you
A tale to bow your haughty head—
Your mistress is untrue.

"She goes alone each night, they
say,

And mounts Highbrasil hill,
And there she lingers with her love
Until the dawn comes chill."

At this the stern Earl Roderick
Grew paler than the dead,
And bowed upon his heaving
breast

His proud and angry head.

"Till now," he cried, "no stain
has come

Upon my honored name.
Lord pity me, that in my time
Should fall the flush of shame."

He struck the gold spur in his
steed,

The wind behind him wailed;
He drove the beast through stream
and brier
Until its strength nigh failed.

And when he reached Highbrasil
hill

He searched it high and low,
But ne'er a sight of his lost bride
Did all his seeking show.

But here he met an ancient crone,
To whom he spake his mind—
"And have you seen my lady here?
For her I cannot find."

"I have not seen your lady here,"
The withered dame replied;

"But I have met a little lass,
Who wrung her hands and cried.

"She was not clad in silken robe,
Nor rode a palfrey white;
She had no maidens in her train,
Behind her rode no knight.

"But she crept weary up yon hill,
And crouched upon the sord.
I dare not think that she could be
Spouse to so great a lord."

Now darkly frowned Earl Roderick,
He turned his face away;
And shame and anger in his heart
Disturbed him with their sway.

For he had never cared to know
What his young bride would
wear;
He gave her neither horse, nor
hound,
Nor jewels for her hair.

"And whither went this little lass,
And who was by her side?
I vow his blood shall drench my
blade,
And that before my bride."

"There was no lover by her side;
She went sad, and alone,
And when she reached the green
hilltop,
She there would make her moan.

"And once her father's name
she 'd cry,
And twice her mother call,
And thrice on Black Earl Roderick
Who loved her not at all.

"And every night she came and
wept,
So lone upon the hill,
And watched the lights in her lost
home
Until the dawn grew chill."

"What did you tell to her, old
witch,
When weeping she passed by?"
"I took her pretty hand in mine
And bid her not to cry.

"I traced upon her tender palm
That luck was changing soon;
I swore that peace would come to
her
Before another moon.

"I said that he who loved her
well
Would clad her all in silk,
And bear her in a coach of gold
With palfreys white as milk.

"I told, before three suns had set
He 'd kneel down by her side,
That he she loved would love her
well
And she would be his bride."

Now pallid grew Earl Roderick;
He turned his charger home;
Vowed in a tower he 'd lock his
bride,
So she no more could roam.

But when he reached the castle
gray
He searched both high and low,
But none had seen his pale lady,
And none had seen her go.

There came to him a serving-maid,
And in her eye a tear:
"Oh, what has happened in the
night?
A banshee I did hear!"

There came to him his sister gray,
And stern was her set face:
"A curse upon the wandering feet
That bring our house disgrace!"

But still the proud Earl Roderick
No answer did he make,
But locked his grief within his
heart
Until it seemed to break.

He went into his own chamber,
And crouched within his chair,

And lo! when he did raise his
head,
Behold his bride was there!

She stood beside the open door,
Her sad eyes on his face;
But when he sprang to reach her
side
He found but empty space.

He mounted up the marble stair
And went her chamber through,
And there he met a serving-lass
With face of deathly hue:

"Oh, I have seen a white ghost
walk,
With dim eyes of the dead!
She wrung her hands most pite-
ously
And wept at your bed-head."

All silent Black Earl Roderick
Went to his room away,
All angry with his throbbing heart
And fitful fancies' play.

He sat him by the bright hearth-
side
And turned towards the door;
And there upon the threshold stood
His lady, weeping sore.

He chased her down the winding
stair
And out into the night;
But only found a withered crone,
With long hair, loose and white.

"Come hither now, you sly-faced
witch;
Come hither now to me.
Say, if a lady all so pale
Your evil eyes did see?"

"Oh, true, I saw a little lass,
She went all white as snow;
She crossed my hand with silver
crown
Just two short hours ago."

"What did you tell the foolish
wench,

Who must my lady be?
The false tale you did tell to her
You now must tell to me."

"I hate you, Black Earl Roderick!
You're cruel, hard, and cold;
Yet shall you grieve like a young
child
Before the moon is old.

"This did I tell her: like a queen
She'd ride into the town;
And ev'ry man who met her there
Would on his knees go down.

"I said that he who followed none
Would walk behind her now,
And in his trembling hands the
helm
From his uncovered brow.

"And he should walk, while she
would ride,
Through all the town away;
And greater than Earl Roderick
She would become that day."

Now scornful laughed Earl Rod-
erick:

"I vow this could not be;
There is no lady in the land
Could make a slave of me.

"There has no woman yet been
born
Who could more great become:
So get you hence, you frousome
hag,
Your tale grows wearisome."

And home went Black Earl Rod-
erick,
Right angry was he now;
He sat before the dying fire,
A frown was on his brow.

He looked across the empty room,
And once he saw again

His lady on the threshold stand,
With face of grievous pain.

"Come here, come here, my sad-
faced bride;
Why do you come and go?
There is a question I must ask,
An answer I must know."

Oh, stern was Black Earl Roderick,
He called her by her name;
But from the threshold of the room
She neither spoke nor came.

Now rose up Black Earl Roderick,
And strode the chamber
through,
And said, "If you come not to me,
I fain must come to you."

He followed her down hall and
stair,
Out through the open door;
And every weary mile he went
The lady was before.

Through sleepy woods and singing
streams
He followed through the night;
But never did he reach her side,
Or stopped she from her flight,
Until she reached Highbrasil hill,
And by Highbrasil lake,
And there she vanished from his
eyes
Ere he could overtake.

He looked into the deep wood
green,
But nothing there did see;
He looked into the still water,
Beneath, all white, lay she.

He drew her from her cold, cold
bed,
And kissed her cheek and chin;
Loosed from his neck his silken
cloak
To wrap her body in.

He took her up in his two arms—
His grief was deep and wild;
He knelt beside her on the sod
And sorrowed like a child.

He blew three blasts upon his horn,
His men did make reply,
And came all quickly to his call
Through brake and brier so
high.

They raised her up upon their
shields,
Clad in her cloak of silk;
Home brought her in a coach of
gold
With palfreys white as milk.

And every man who saw her there
Went down upon his knee;
Behind her came Earl Roderick,
All pitiful to see.

And in his trembling hands the
helm
From his uncovered brow;
And "Oh," he said, "to love her
well,
And know it only now!"

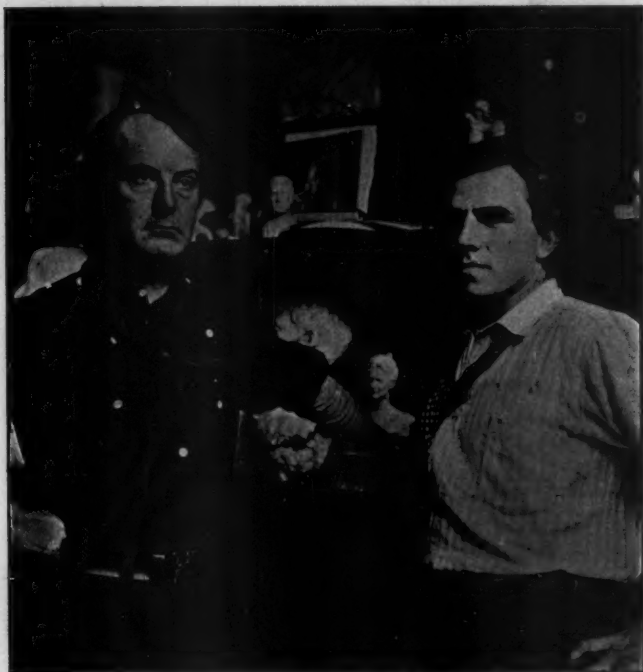
And he did walk, while she did
ride,
Through all the town away;
For greater than Earl Roderick
She did become that day.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.



Elbert Hubbard

MR. ELBERT HUBBARD'S achievements—literary, industrial, and artistic—are a series of accidents. Happening one day to find himself well out of conceit with the world, Mr. Hubbard determined to issue a pamphlet of protest. To publish the pamphlet, he set up a printing-press in his stable. In order to get the pamphlet into the mails as second-class matter, he called it the first number of a magazine. Then,



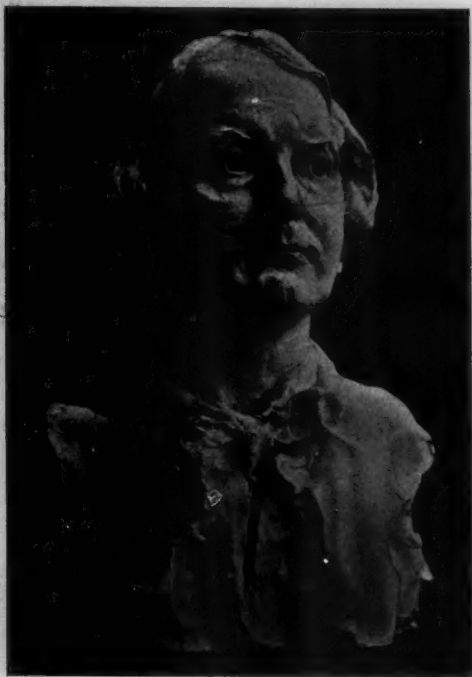
ELBERT HUBBARD AND JEROME CONNER

as a means of providing work for the composers he had engaged, he fell to printing a superb edition of "The Song of Songs, Which Is Solomon's." Thus, chance upon chance, was evolved the Roycroft Shop at East Aurora, New York.

In a somewhat similar fashion was evolved the man himself. In his boyhood, Mr. Hubbard had been a printer; after that, he had become a successful manufacturer; for years he had written, though without recognition; and while travelling in England in 1892 he had met William Morris and had been impressed by his theories. "Art," said Morris, "is the expression of man's joy in his work; the curse of the world is joyless labor." It was therefore by easy stages that Elbert

Hubbard passed over from the realm of commercial industry to the region of art and letters, and in so passing he brought with him all the acquisitions of his earlier experience. To-day he is reported to be making money—out of literature.

"I'm no philanthropist," says Mr. Hubbard; and yet the Roycroft print-shop has become a distinct benefit—one might almost say a distinct beneficence—to East Aurora. Out of that charming village a group of artistic printers and illuminators has been developed; a fac-



Jerome Conner, sculptor.

BUST OF ELBERT HUBBARD

tory, as quaint as an antique chapel, is only the precursor of a much more beautiful establishment now building; the very best hygienic conditions are provided for the people who work with types and brushes; and free classes have been opened for all desiring to learn to sketch in charcoal. Moreover, the Roycroft Shop is somewhat socialistic. It has adopted the eight-hour day, its wages are as high as country life requires, and at Christmas time there is a division of profits. Last year a thousand dollars was apportioned as prizes among forty-five workers, an expedient which enables Mr. Hubbard to dispense with overseers. Lest toil should become wearisome, the

Roycrofters shift their employment from time to time as the day goes forward. In the middle of the morning, and again in the middle of the afternoon, all hands drop work and go out for a twenty-minute walk. Such features of his management Mr. Hubbard regards as of practical value; they keep everyone cheerful and willing; they are unquestionably a success, even when regarded merely as a business proposition.

To not a few who have made the "little journey" to East Aurora, it has seemed strange that a socialist should be engaged in the making of books so costly that only the rich can buy them. You hear Elbert Hubbard speak of "the revulsion against the cheap book." "The people who are able to purchase paintings," he says, "are learning



THE ROYCROFT SHOP

that there is art in books." You open a dainty volume with covers of inlaid leather decorated in individual designs by a binder from Leipsic (it took him seven years to gain his skill); the book is printed in exquisite type upon fine Japanese paper; head-pieces and tail-pieces are inserted by hand in water-color and gold; a hundred initials have been illuminated as if by the monks of the fifteenth century. And the price? Twenty dollars!

To such charge of inconsistency Mr. Hubbard replies, as did William Morris, that the aim is to benefit the worker. "My purpose," he says, "is the marriage of hand and brain; let us make the art product a joy to the producer." Here, surely, is something worth while. In our day, man has made the machine and the machine has unmade the man. It is therefore gratifying to find such master-workmen as Elbert Hubbard seeking to counteract so fatal a tendency by giving personality its due place in craftsmanship and by making the service serve the soul.

To my mind, the one morsel of unquestionably great work which Elbert Hubbard has given us is his tiny preachment called "A Message to Garcia." Only this once has the man rung entirely true. *The*

Philistine, brilliant though it often is, has been marred by expressions that could be classed as blasphemous, and has been more than once stained by lack of refinement and even by broad indelicacies. The Roycroft books, superb as they meet the eye, have admitted occasional anachronisms in design and random traces of insincerity in artistic treatment. Aside from the clever, genial, sympathetic studies in his "Little Journeys," the things Mr. Hubbard has written have rarely



BINDERY IN THE ROYCROFT SHOP

found life other than laughable. Their author is given to graceful oddities of dress and to the tawsled affectations of Bohemia. And yet this "Message to Garcia" has in it the virile, zestful, eager passion for worth—the noblest impulse of a true workman. This is Elbert Hubbard at his best. Indeed, I think it means for him an end of trifling and the beginning of serious endeavor. Clever as the author is, he sometimes appears to be wanting in that assured clearness of perception without which a clever writer incurs risk of going over the limits of a sound standard,—whether literary or ethical.

ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT.

The First Leaf-Fall

A PALE wild vine upon a wall;
Came a soft call,—“Thou seest all?”
I looked; saw fair-haired Summer, dead,
Leaves on her bed, yellow and red.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Historic New York



FIRST SEAL OF CITY. 1625-1654

By comparison with London, New York is a city of the second size, lacking some millions of the population of the modern Babylon. Even Paris, though less populous, outranks the American metropolis in many of the elements that go to the making of a great city. But in drawing these comparisons it must be remembered that only three centuries ago, when the French and English capitals had been places of importance for over a thousand years, New York was a wooded island, criss-crossed by innumerable streams, indented by morasses, and infested by Indians and wild beasts. European civilization was wrinkled with age long before a permanent roof was erected on the island of Manhattan; and three lives, such as that of ex-Mayor Tiemann, who died here in his ninety-fifth year, in the summer of 1899, would have spanned the entire history of the town from the Dutch discovery to the reign of Richard Croker.

The first white man's habitation in what is now New York was a grave; for the crew of Hudson's Half Moon, after their fight with the aborigines on the mainland above Spuyten Duyvil Creek, in September, 1609, buried their dead before sailing homeward from their voyage of discovery up the great river named for their commander.

Four temporary dwellings, presumably little better than wigwams, housed Skipper Block and the crew of the Tiger, near the lower end of the island, while they rebuilt their burned vessel, during the winter of 1613-14. The site of the present city was bought from the Indians on May 6, 1626, for trinkets worth sixty guilders, or four-and-twenty dollars—less than one tenth of the rate paid a few years since for a single square foot of land. Building was begun at once and pushed with vigor. Fort Amsterdam—a blockhouse partly shielded by palisades—marked the extreme southern limit of the island; and the first bark-roofed cottages were clustered close together under its harmless, necessary guns. A warehouse with stone walls and a thatched roof sprang up as soon as a stronghold had been built; and a horse-mill, with a loft fitted up for the simplest form of religious services.

Fort Amsterdam was a fortress in name only. Scarcely had it been completed when it began to fall into disrepair; and the pigs were forever rooting in its sodded earthworks, and threatening its very foundations. Thus early did these four-footed scavengers make their appearance in the history of New York, playing as picturesque, though not as patriotic, a part therein as that of the legendary Roman geese.

Not till well forward in the nineteenth century did they disappear from the streets and the annals of the city.

Peter Minuit, the first Director of New Netherlands to hold his place for more than a year, and the first to organize a permanent provincial government, sent home hopeful reports, and backed them with shipments of fur and timber; but the expenses of administering the colony ultimately exceeded its earnings, and the West India Company was disappointed of the revenue it had counted upon receiving from the new settlement.

The little village grew but slowly. When it had spread so far northward as the line of what is now Wall Street—which is so far downtown to-day that many a New York woman, native-born, has yet to see it for the first time—a stockade was set up across the island, narrower then than now, to fence off the village from the farms (*bouweries*) of the more adventurous pioneers, and the forest that bordered them. This defense, completed in 1653, consisted of palisades and posts, twelve feet high, with a sloping breastwork of earth and a ditch on its southern side. In less than two years, its height was doubled to keep the Indians from swarming over it.

But neither the Fort with its stone guns, nor this high wooden wall, was ever called upon to withstand a vigorous attack or resist a siege; for whenever the place was seriously threatened its flags came fluttering down, and its keys were turned over to the enemy. This happened first in August, 1664, when Colonel Richard Nicolls appeared in the bay as deputy of the Duke of York, to whom Charles II. had granted all the territory between the Connecticut River and Delaware Bay, and demanded the Fort's surrender. The claim of the English was nebulous to the last degree. As Freneau neatly put it,

"The soil they demanded, or threatened their worst,
Insisting that *Cabot had looked at it first*."

But the flimsiest pretension, if vigorously backed, outvalues the strongest, if less sturdily maintained; and Director Stuyvesant found his people unwilling to support him in defying the intruder. So down dropped the Dutch colors and up ran the British.

Precisely nine years later, however, what had formerly been called New Amsterdam but was now New York, yielded itself to a little Dutch fleet without striking a defensive blow. Captain Colve's victory was so lightly won, indeed, that the English commander, Captain Manning, was court-martialled for his apparent inefficiency, cowardice, or treason, and the estates of the Governor, Colonel Lovelace, who, when the blow fell, was absent on affairs of state, were confiscated by the Duke. The triumph of the Hollanders was short-lived, for the year 1674 had not run its course when Major Edmund Andros assumed the governorship, and as the result of a treaty of peace between England and the States General, New Orange, as the place had been christened by the Dutch, again and finally became New York.

New York has been in turn a Dutch village, an English town, and an American city. In its infancy it was wholly Dutch; but in its early youth the population was so leavened by English immigration, that the transition to English control was less violent than one might expect it to have been. English influence was powerful even in Stuyvesant's day; and when Stuyvesant was supplanted by Nicolls, the Dutch element was still powerful in the councils of the little town. The new ruler moved slowly and cautiously in anglicizing the government, and almost all the changes he made were for the better. The brief resumption of Dutch authority in 1673 was reactionary and wholly detrimental to the interests of the community; and, all things considered, the peaceful cession of the town to England, a year later, was the happiest chance that could possibly have befallen.

A more violent and radical change was effected in 1689, when Jacob Leisler seized the occasion of the fall of the Stuart dynasty to grasp the reins of government, which Andros had been forced to drop. By the aid of the militia and with the support of nearly all the less prosperous townsmen, he administered public affairs till that good Dutchman, William III. of England, commissioned Governor Sloughter to hang the usurper and reign in his stead. Leisler's rule had been in many respects an enlightened one, and years afterward his adherents succeeded in having his dishonored bones dug up and honorably reinterred. It was in this town, and at the instance of this earnest but ill-balanced and despotic champion of the poor, that the American Colonies took their first step toward concerted action, their objective being the overthrow of the French at Montreal.

The most striking characteristic of New York has always been its cosmopolitanism. As Governor Roosevelt points out in his capital review of the city's history, no less than eighteen different languages and dialects were spoken in the streets so long ago as the middle of the seventeenth century. The Dutch, the English, and the Huguenot refugees from France predominated, but there were many Walloons and Germans, and a large body of black slaves. The riff-raff of the Old World was to be found here, as well as the nobly adventurous; and, in fact, at all times since the proportion of foreign-born residents has been very large.

In the period immediately preceding the Revolution, the desire for independence was far less general in New York than in Massachusetts or Virginia. The large land-owners and leading merchants were mainly members of the Church of England; and while there was no state church, so called and admitted to be such, the Anglicans were first in wealth and fashion, and their organization enjoyed exclusive privileges. Even King's College (now Columbia University) was placed officially under Church control. The court party included not only the Anglican clergy and almost all the laity, but even an influential section of the membership of the Dutch Reformed Church. It included such families as the De Peysters, the De Lariceys, and the

Philippes in the city and its suburbs, and the Johnsons, who dominated central New York. There were Tories even on the Committee of Fifty-one that first authoritatively proposed the assembling of a Continental Congress. In no other colony was the Tory element so numerous and powerful; in no other were the patriots opposed by so active a spirit of loyalty to the crown, and so vast a bulk of indifference on the part of property owners, solicitous for nothing but the security of their possessions. At first the Schuylers, the Livingstons, and Hamilton, Jay, and Morris found their support almost wholly among the masses, who rose not only against England, but also against the domination of the classes, which was more oppressive in the aristocratic city of New York than in the democratic town of Boston, or in Philadelphia. Thus, it was the so-called Sons of Liberty that had led in the agitation which made the stamp act a dead letter, so far as this colony was concerned, and a decade later prevented the landing of taxed tea on New York wharves. And their demonstrative radicalism found little response in the minds of some of the ablest civil and military leaders contributed by this colony to the work of liberation and reconstruction. But the violence of the mob could not blind such men to the essential justice of the American cause, and the actual beginning of the war found a large majority of the best people of the colony definitely committed to a patriotic course. So when Washington and his army were driven hither from Brooklyn and hence to New Jersey, in 1776, New York was no longer the populous place it had been before their sympathizers fled from the terrors of hostile military rule.

For the next seven years this remained the chief British stronghold in America. If the eastern and southern colonies could be split apart by English control of the Hudson, the backbone of the colonial federation would be broken—as the backbone of the Confederacy was broken, nearly a century later, by Sherman's march to the sea. So every energy was bent toward dislodging the Continentals from this dividing line. This was the immediate object of Arnold's treachery as well as of many an overt movement from south and north. But Washington outgeneralled the enemy, and kept the federation intact, till the capture of Yorktown made New York no longer tenable by the foe. The city was well-nigh ruined by its experiences during these seven terrible years; and the outlying country to the north—Westchester County—suffered no less severely, being exposed to raids from the opposing bodies of regulars, and to constant marauding at the hands of freebooters, who pretended affiliation with one side or the other, sometimes in good faith, but often merely as a pretext for lawless depredations.

The most joyously celebrated event in the annals of Manhattan was the city's evacuation by the British at the close of the war. On the day that this occurred, November 25, 1783, General Washington arrived in town and dined at Fraunces's Tavern; and hither he repaired again, ten days later, on the eve of his departure for Annapolis, to bid

farewell to his officers. In this same building, and in the same Long Room, the first meeting of the New York Chamber of Commerce had been held, in 1768, fifteen years before any similar association was organized in Great Britain. This hostelry had, indeed, been the fashionable rendezvous of New Yorkers since 1762, when the shop at the southeast corner of Broad and Pearl Streets was converted to still more public uses by Samuel Fraunces ("Black Tom"), who in later years was to become the first President's steward. At the beginning it was known as the Queen's Head Tavern, its sign bearing a portrait of Queen Charlotte. Enlarged, and otherwise altered, but not improved, Fraunces's Tavern is still, as it has always been, a public-house, though fashion has long since deserted it. It would be most deplorable if the march of improvement (in whose name, as in Liberty's, so many offences are committed) should ever be allowed to obliterate this most aged and interesting relic of Old New York.

The war of 1812 was by no means popular with the representative merchants of New York, despite the fact that the enforcement of England's pretended right of search had acted almost as a blockade of the port for some years before the outbreak of hostilities. It had been a common occurrence for merchantmen in the lower bay to be stopped by a shot across their bows, and searched for possible British subjects among their crews. But when war came the fighting spirit was aroused, and many a privateer was fitted out to prey upon the enemy's merchant marine. Rich prizes were taken, and desperate engagements were fought between the crews of brigs and schooners from New York and British men-of-war's men who interfered with their privateering practices. A few years earlier (1807), Fulton had demonstrated on the Hudson the practicability of steam navigation; and now he built in New York, under Congressional direction, a steam frigate, ironclad and heavily armed. This formidable craft might have been depended upon to raise the British blockade, had it not been raised still more effectually by a declaration of peace. The city did not suffer in this second war with England as it had suffered in the first. Instead of waiting for years, as before, to recuperate, it entered at once upon a period of unprecedented growth. The return of peace stimulated immigration, and local prosperity was vastly augmented by the opening, in 1825, of the Erie Canal.

Until 1822, the mayor was appointed by a State council, presided over by the Governor; thereafter, until 1834, he was chosen by the municipal council; since then he has been elected by the people. But democratic rule was not always found to work satisfactorily, and in 1857 the control of local affairs was largely delegated to the legislature. This precaution proved of comparatively little value, however, and the Tweed ring of local office-holders found little difficulty in running things as they wished and robbing the tax-payers of millions upon millions. The charter of the city recently created by the amalgamation of New York, Brooklyn, etc., professed to restore home rule, in

large measure; but so much of the supposed boon as it confers may be withdrawn at any time by State legislation, and bills withdrawing it piecemeal are, in fact, introduced at every session of the legislature.

When secession threatened, in 1861, the democratic city of New York was the least friendly of Northern communities in its attitude toward the federal government. The common council, indeed, rapturously applauded the mayor's formal suggestion that the city itself secede. But the first overt act of hostility at the South showed that beneath this surface sympathy with the secessionists, the great mass of earnest citizens was ardent in its adherence to unionism. Life and treasure were poured out more than abundantly. The Seventh Regiment—the "crack" militia organization of the city, if not of the nation—hurried off to Washington to guard the Capital from surprise; and tens of thousands of volunteers followed to the front. No one city contributed more to the national cause. In fact the city's contributions were too liberal for her own good; for the consequent dearth of able-bodied honest men at home left the community a prey to the enemies of society, and regiment after regiment had to be called back to restore order. The worst outbreaks were the so-called draft riots, caused by the enforced enlistment of troops; in these uprisings, negroes were the special object of the mob's hostility.

The first few huts in New Amsterdam were huddled together beneath the sheltering walls of the Fort. There was but one general direction in which the hamlet could extend; yet it was long before the northward movement filled with shops and houses the space between the Fort and the line of Wall Street; and for several years thereafter the great wall marked the boundary of the village. The Revolution found the border pushed forward to the edge of the common, where the post-office stands to-day. The chief outlet from this point lay eastward, through what is now Park Row, to the Bowery and thence through the outlying farms to Westchester County, Connecticut, and Boston.

On the west side there was another outlet, skirting the Hudson River and extending to the little village of Greenwich; and the occasional outbreak of yellow fever in New York made this a popular resort. The influx of twenty thousand refugees during one of these scares, early in the present century, completely changed the character of this village, and although most of the newcomers returned to the lower end of the island, Greenwich had practically become, in 1830, an integral part of the city. The northward spread via Greenwich Street, the Bowery, and Broadway continued, till Yorkville and Harlem on the east and Manhattanville and Bloomingdale on the west were absorbed by the growing city. In 1874 the Harlem was crossed, and New York ceased to be an island; in 1895 still further accessions were made in Westchester County. But the crowning event in the expansion of the city was the legislation by which, on January 1, 1898, Brooklyn

and the outlying towns and villages on Long Island, and all of Staten Island, were brought within the limits of New York—an act that raised the population at a stroke from less than 1,900,000, to near 3,400,000, and incidentally brought almost half the people of the State under the immediate rule of Tammany Hall.

A word should be said as to the Society, named in honor of Tamamond, an Indian chief who signed one of the treaties by which William Penn acquired the site of the city of Philadelphia. One of many societies of the same name, organized for social and political purposes toward the close of the eighteenth century, it reflected, to a certain extent, a spirit which had prevailed among the younger officers of the Revolution, who had felt the force of Rousseau's idealization of primitive man. Its first meeting was held on "St. Tammany's day" (May 12, 1789). In membership it was allied with the Sons of Liberty and the Sons of 1776, and it has always professed "intense Americanism," so far as that phrase is synonymous with Anglophobia. At first its ranks were recruited from among the small merchants, retailers, and mechanics of the city; and by coming into close touch with the mass of immigrants that forms so large a proportion of the population, giving the newcomers employment in some cases, in others charitable aid, instructing the alien voter as to his political rights and privileges, and directing him in their exercise, it has built up an enormous voting machine, insufficient to defeat a united opposition, but almost invariably so fortunate in local contests as to find its opponents divided. While nominally Democratic in national affairs, Tammany has never scrupled to oppose the Democratic party as a whole in the pursuit of its own immediate end—the control of local offices and revenues. This powerful machine has now for several years been dominated by an illiterate immigrant.

Comparatively recent as were the beginnings of the city, hardly a trace of the original village remains. Not a single building has come down to us from the Dutch period. It was to have been expected that something would survive the flight of less than three centuries. A happy chance might easily have preserved the stone "temple" erected within the walls of the Fort in 1652, or the slightly older warehouse, or some one of the many curious little stone or brick houses in which the burly burghers of the seventeenth century smoked their long pipes by the chimney-side, while their wives plied the spinning-wheel, their daughters spread the board, and their children, in padded breeches, played about the sanded floor.

The Stadt Huys, originally built as an inn, to relieve Director Kieft of the burden of overmuch entertaining, dated back to the same year as the Dutch Reformed Church in the fortified enclosure. The organization of the old church is still maintained, and the functions of the city government have been performed in successive buildings to the present day; but the picturesque old Government House—fifty feet

square, three stories high in the walls and two in the attic, with windows in the gable of its crow-stepped roof,—that should have been cherished as a most interesting relic of the city's earliest period, lasted but a little way into the present century, having then been used, for over a hundred years, for commercial purposes.

Chief among the few other survivals from the early days, and antedating all of them, is Bowling Green. This oldest bit of park land in the city dates from the Dutch occupation. It lay immediately in front of the Fort, and no building has ever stood upon its diminutive, oblong site. The relatively old line of buildings (Steamship Row) which overlooks it from the south, will ere long be replaced by a Custom House worthy of the second port of entry in the world. This will occupy the site of the old Government House, which once served the purpose for which the new building is designed. In 1771, it was found advisable to enclose the Green with an iron fence. Bereft of the crowns that surmounted the posts, this still surrounds it, though the equestrian statue of George III., which it was put up to protect, vanished in 1776. In the excitement that followed the reading of the Declaration of Independence, in that year, the crowd marched down Broadway from the Common, and tumbled the King from his pedestal. The leaden carcass was shipped to Connecticut, where the wife and daughter of Governor Wolcott cannily converted it into rebel bullets. An indignity similar in degree though different in kind was offered to America's eloquent Parliamentary advocate, William Pitt, whose marble effigy at Wall and William Streets was decapitated during the Revolution, by the Tories, and left standing for years as a mere "disturber of traffic."

The house at No. 1 Broadway, looking eastward over the lower end of Bowling Green, built in 1760 by Colonel Kennedy, afterward Earl of Cassilis, and occupied in turn by the American leaders, including Washington, and by the English, including Cornwallis, Howe, and Sir Henry Clinton, was the scene of Major André's last interview with the British commander before his fatal journey to West Point. And in another house in Broadway overlooking the Green, Benedict Arnold had his quarters after his flight and the exposure of his infamous plot. Mention of the gallant young British officer, André, naturally suggests the name and fate of Nathan Hale, whose heroism is commemorated by a noble statue by MacMonnies, which faces Broadway from the lower corner of City Hall Park, not far from the spot where the American spy was hanged from an apple-tree. The Beekman "mansion," overlooking the East River near what is now Fifty-first Street, the scene of Hale's trial and condemnation, survived till 1874; the Kennedy House, identified with André's memory, lasted eight years longer.

A picturesque feature of the old town was the canal that ran from the city wall to the bay, becoming first an artery of trade, and then a centre of fashionable life, as Broad Street, which took its place, has

since been a centre of commercial activity. It was directly opposite Broad Street, in Wall, that the foundations of the new City Hall were laid in 1699, the sale of the Stadt Huys helping to defray the cost of the more pretentious structure. The arms of the English Governor, Lord Bellomont, were blazoned on its walls; but two years later the marshal was called upon to remove and destroy them. When New York became the seat of the national government, the ninety-year-old City Hall, partly reconstructed and lavishly decorated, became the meeting-place of Congress. The most memorable day in its history was the 30th of April, 1789, when, attended by Chancellor Livingston and the committees of Senators and Representatives, standing upon its balcony in the presence of a great concourse, not merely of New Yorkers, but of Americans from all the colonies, gathered together from far and near, George Washington took the oath of office as first President of the United States. Where the Capital then stood now stands the Sub-Treasury, with Ward's bronze Washington looking gravely down from its steps upon the feverish turmoil of Wall Street.

The oldest existing municipal building in New York is the Hall of Records, in City Hall Park, whose contents are ere long to be housed in a spacious, fire-proof edifice. It dates from the middle of the eighteenth century. Its site formed a part of the Common, and it stood appropriately convenient to the gallows, for it was originally a jail—the first building on the island ever designed exclusively for the detention of law-breakers. In popular parlance, as in practical use, it soon became the Debtors' Prison. When the British occupied the town during the Revolution, it was turned to account as their principal military prison, being known as the Provost, in reference to the title of the brutal Cunningham, who was charged with the custody of American prisoners of war—amongst others, "that d—d rebel, Ethan Allen." The building was a debtors' jail again from 1787 to 1830; on the completion of alterations projected at the latter date, it became, in 1835, the Register's office, and as such will probably see the close of the nineteenth century.

Vastly more attractive to the eye than this treasury of real-estate records, and not wholly lacking in historic interest, is the adjacent City Hall. This really handsome building, in the style of the Italian Renaissance, was begun in 1803, and completed nine years later. The likelihood of the city's extending beyond it seemed too slight to warrant lavishing upon its back the white marble which adds so much to the dignity and grace of its façade; the rear wall was accordingly constructed of a cheaper stone. In the "Governor's room" on the second floor, used for official receptions, are the desk on which Washington wrote his first message to Congress, the chair in which he was inaugurated as President, and the chairs used by the first federal Congress.

In the same neighborhood, just beyond the lower extremity of the old Common, now City Hall Park, stands St. Paul's Chapel, Trinity parish—an edifice much older than the parish church, which, for the

past half-century, like its successive parent buildings, has stood farther down Broadway, opposing its bulk to the westward progress of Wall Street. Fenced off by iron palings, and bordered on each side by a strip of graveyard, the chapel turns a picturesque and seemingly scornful back upon the topless towers of Broadway—little dreamt of when its foundations were laid in 1766; or three-and-twenty years later, when President Washington attended service there on the day of his first inauguration. These heaven-aspiring structures were only beginning to turn the street into a canyon when the first President's successor in office sat in the same pew on the same day a century later (April 30, 1889).

Private houses of historic interest abounded not many years ago, notable among them the country-seat called Richmond Hill, near the long-since-absorbed village of Greenwich—a stately dwelling, identified with many familiar names. John Adams lived there during a part of his first term as Vice-President, and Aaron Burr started thence on that fateful July morning in 1804 that saw the death of Hamilton at his hand, and the end of his own political career. Of equal note was the house on Murray Hill, where Mrs. Murray detained the British commander at lunch while the American troops, under Putnam, made their escape from the island in 1776.

The so-called Jumel Mansion, built for Washington's whilom flame, Miss Mary Philipps, by her successful suitor Col. Roger Morris, and afterwards occupied by Washington as his headquarters, became in turn the property of the nation (Morris having been a royalist), of John Jacob Astor, and of Stephen Jumel, whose erratic widow married Aaron Burr, but soon tired of him, turned him out of doors, and dropped his name. From its coign of vantage on Harlem Heights at 169th Street, this dignified colonial dwelling still looks down upon the Harlem River and across to Long Island Sound. And at the foot of East 61st Street is yet to be seen—vine-covered, and embowered in trees and shrubs—the substantial stone residence of Col. William Smith, who married the daughter of President Adams, and ruined himself by speculating in east-side real estate. But the scarcity of such relics, and their glaring incongruity with their surroundings, emphasize the divergence between the Old New York and that which is termed the Greater.

In the hall of Cooper Institute, Abraham Lincoln made that great speech which first fully revealed him to the people of the Eastern States; and hither he was brought, to lie in state in the City Hall, when a martyr's death had disclosed his greatness still more clearly to all his countrymen. And from the steps of the Custom House, in Wall Street, after Lincoln's assassination, the populace was addressed by one who was destined to succeed him, not alone in the Presidency, but in the tragic manner of his taking off.

Here have lived, for longer or shorter periods, sundry Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Cleveland; the city has been

the permanent or occasional home of statesmen such as Jay and Livingston, Alexander Hamilton and Gouverneur Morris; of soldiers such as Scott and Sherman and Grant, whose tomb is its most conspicuous monument; of political agitators such as Aaron Burr and "Common-sense" Paine, and political leaders like DeWitt Clinton and Samuel J. Tilden; of authors such as Washington Irving, whose burlesque local history marked him out as the father of American light literature; and Fenimore Cooper, the most popular of American romance-writers; and Edgar Allen Poe and Walt Whitman, most individual of American poets. Here, for longer or shorter periods, have lived and labored Curtis, and Bayard Taylor, and Stoddard, and Stedman, and Aldrich, and Howells, and that greatest of poets among journalists and journalists among poets, William Cullen Bryant, editor of *The Evening Post* and one of the founders of the Century Club; and Horace Greeley, founder of *The Tribune*, and most famous of American editors since Benjamin Franklin. As a resident of Brooklyn, and editor of a metropolitan religious weekly, the best-known preacher of the century, Henry Ward Beecher, was virtually a citizen of New York. In the annals of invention, the names of four New Yorkers stand out conspicuously—Fulton and Ericsson and Edison and Morse. And of all the freebooters that ever terrorized the sea, none has left a more awful and enduring fame than a once respectable resident of Liberty Street, renowned in song and story for two centuries as Captain Kidd.

The hospitality of New York and her people is proverbial. Every distinguished visitor to America for more than a century past has been entertained here, officially or informally. Among the city's guests have been William IV. of England, while yet a sailor prince; Lafayette, Louis Kossuth, the Prince of Wales, the Grand Duke Alexis, the Emperor of Brazil, the Princess Eulalia, the Duke of Veragua, Li Hung Chang, and the Marquis Ito. Almost all the greatest preachers, orators, players, singers, and instrumental performers of the nineteenth century have added to their fame or wealth by facing New York audiences; and among the great writers who have visited us have been Dickens, Thackeray, and Kipling.

While New York is easily first among the cities of the New World in commercial importance, it is not on material bases only that her supremacy rests. No community throughout the world responds more generously to every appeal for sympathy or help, whether the call be local, national, or foreign. Her interest is keen in educational work of every kind. Columbia University—one of the oldest of local institutions, and more than local in its aims and fame and influence—has of late, through the liberality of her sons and other citizens, been housed in a manner commensurate with her requirements and aspirations; and so also has the less venerable but justly honored New York University. And the past few years have seen Barnard College for women and the Teachers College (both allied with Columbia) emerge

from the chrysalis state into forms of beauty and power. The public school system, moreover,—thanks to a recent brief respite from Tammany control,—is in better condition to-day than at any previous period of Tammany administration.

Of American literary activity, despite Boston's ancient and deserved prestige, it cannot be denied that New York is to-day the centre, as it is the centre of the publishing trade, in books and periodicals. Boston, with her splendid Public Library, has set an example which the metropolis has been slow to follow; but the consolidation of the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden collections and their prospective housing in a magnificent and admirably situated building, have gone far to remove the reproach incurred during long years of public indifference to popular needs. The venerable Society Library, the modern and many-branched Free Circulating Library, and kindred institutions, have helped to create and in part to meet the demand which the Public Library in its new home may be expected to satisfy more fully. Equally important in their way are those half-social, half-educational essays toward the solution of some of the problems of the slums—the University Settlement of men, and the College Settlement of women. As a further indication that New York is not wholly given over to the worship of Mammon, it may be mentioned that the Greek Club, with its fortnightly meetings for the reading and discussion of the classics, has been for more than three decades the only circle of its kind in existence.

In art, the invaluable treasures of the Metropolitan Museum foster the love of what is enduringly beautiful in sculpture and painting, architecture, etc.; while the schools of this museum and of the National Academy of Design and the Society of American Artists, to say nothing of the more utilitarian classes of Cooper Institute and the School of Artist Artisans, afford instruction in art of such a sort as to render foreign study no longer indispensable, albeit no less attractive than of old.

Of music, vocal and instrumental, such feasts are spread before the local amateur as can be matched for quality and abundance in no other city at home or abroad: and while this is not true of the drama also, as the *Comédie Française* has never come hither in a body, it is yet a fact that nearly all that is best is seen, sooner or later, on the New York stage.

By what rapid strides the city is moving forward in some directions, while halting lamentably in others, needs not to be pointed out. There is expert testimony to the effect that in public morality it has at least held its own during the past half-century; we trust it may some day work out its salvation in things political, and cease to be the mild milch cow of thirsty demagogues. It may never vie in picturesqueness and historic interest with its European peers in population and importance, nor atone by its singularly fortunate situation for its poverty in little parks and its richness in rough-paved, right-angled, and treeless streets

and avenues; yet it may some day rival even Paris in the absolute beauty of its public and private buildings and historic monuments. A brave beginning has been made, in the Washington Arch, the Madison Square Garden, the Columbia and the New York University buildings, the Washington, Hale, and Farragut statues and certain churches, clubhouses, and private dwellings. And in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the Public Library, the Academy of Design, the Botanical and Zoölogical gardens, and the Dewey Arch, if it be made permanent, a further stride will be taken ere long in the only direction in which æsthetic leadership seems possible.

JOSEPH B. GILDER.



STAINED GLASS WINDOW IN "BOWLING GREEN OFFICES"
Showing Green About 1760.

William Dean Howells

Some Aspects of His Realistic Novels

WE all know that Mr. Howells is our greatest realist and are proud of him in that quality, but the question of what realism is, is as far from being settled as ever. Mr. Howells himself defines it as being "simple, natural, and honest" work; as fidelity in art and literature to the human nature known to all of us, which it is the privilege and the high duty of the artist to interpret. This is so reasonable and convincing that it seems to decide the matter once and for all, as indeed in one aspect it does, until we remember that realism, as it manifests itself in art, takes as many different forms as there are realistic artists. To M. Zola, who sees nothing but the material facts in the life of man, realism is one thing; to Mr. James, who sees little save the intellectual and artistic nature of man, it is another; to Mr. Howells, who sees man chiefly in his social relations, it is something different still. The result depends upon the point of view, and the point of view is inherent in the artist himself. It is all a question of what a certain man's eyes can see. The answer of a painter to his critics is, usually, "I paint the thing the way I see it," and if the critic answers "My eyes do not serve me so," the painter, if he is as much enamoured of his own point of view as an honest workman should be, may retort, "Then, sir, so much the worse for you!"

If, then, a literary artist is absolutely honest and delineates what

he sees with his own eyes, he may turn out what seems to other men utterly romantic or idealistic stuff, and yet be as good a realist as another. Idealism and romanticism got into literature because they were first in the eyes of certain men who looked on life and saw them there, and it may even be that the first Romanticist was that One who, looking out upon the world in the dawn of creation, pronounced it "very good."

What a realist does, then, in recording his impressions of life is chiefly to give us the measure of his eyes. Just so far as he is simple, natural, and honest in setting down what he sees, in so far his work gives a summation of his capability for vision, or, rather, of so much of it as he can adapt to the ends of art.

If we take up Mr. Howells's work with the intention of finding out what, of all that his eyes show him, he deems especially suited to artistic representation, we are struck by the fact that he depicts chiefly a world of social relations, rather than a world of action such as Mr. Kipling sees, or a world of reflection such as Mrs. Ward draws best. It is also a world from which the strongly exceptional, the surprising, the romantic, has been largely eliminated, but what remains constitutes a world very like the one most of us know, though narrower by just that dear element of the happy unforeseen which sometimes does wait for us round the corner. It is, necessarily, a world without very much "thrill" in it. The detail of this world he sees with wonderful delicacy, precision, and sensitiveness. He has an infinite capacity for distinguishing between delicate tints, and between subtle variations of line, and for reproducing them so that his reader takes a far keener pleasure in the reproduction than he could have taken in his own observation of the same phenomena. One may differ altogether, as many of his devoted readers do, from Mr. Howells's general theories, without ceasing to take immense delight in the results of that acute observation which enables him to delineate certain familiar types and shades of character as no one else has done. His studies of the American man with a sense of humor in any and all walks of society, are nothing less than absolute. Bromfield Corey, Colville in "Indian Summer," and Alonzo W. Berry, Jr., are delightful instances which could be multiplied almost indefinitely. No less perfect in their way are the inconsequent, amusing, all-but-neurotic little ladies who appear so frequently in his pages as to provoke the protest that their numbers are out of all proportion to the ratio in which it has pleased Providence to permit them to exist in the world outside.

Because Mr. Howells deals chiefly with man in his social relations, and because his own sensitiveness to impressions is very great, he depicts even better than he does other things the most sensitive period of life, the adolescent stage in which the human being gets more from social contact and is more formed by it, than at any other time. "The Minister's Charge" is one very brilliant example of what he can do in this direction. It is a touching and subtle study of the

growth of a youth who comes to the city raw, helpless, unformed in every way, but having an inquiring mind and an iron streak of inherited Puritanism. Barring this strain, Lemuel is plastic material for life to work upon, and we see life in the process, shaping him up with a light touch here and cruel pressure there, until he is formed at last into a semblance of the man that his moral constitution has all along declared him bound to be. Lemuel's life is an especially fortunate one for representation according to Mr. Howells's method, because he possesses the temperament to which one vicissitude is as important as another, and the circumstances before which he is apparently so helpless for a time bring out this quality. It is no part of Mr. Howells's theory of fiction to single out certain experiences as creative of character and therefore more important than others. He believes that life reacts as a whole upon the individual, and nothing is insignificant. "All tells for destiny and character."

It has been and still is, however, the common consensus of human opinion that some things are more valuable to us than others, and the delusion, if it be one, will die hard. It seems to most that the hours in which they live most intensely, seeing and feeling as with quickened senses, are more significant and momentous, have greater vital import, than other hours. So, love and religion and all the experiences associated with them have taken the centre of the stage in most representations of life. From this dominant position Mr. Howells quietly displaces them. There is a love-interest in all his novels to be sure, because there is always a love-interest in real life. It is as much a matter of course as three meals a day or the morning paper. But he does not ascribe to the great human passion the validity which most novelists attribute to it, or the seriousness of which the actors in its dramas are, for the time at least, utterly convinced. A cynical woman was heard to say that "April Hopes" was the only authentic love-story ever written, and if it was, as she understood, less widely popular than most of Mr. Howells's novels, this was because the people who were in a position to recognize authentic love-stories were ashamed of it, and the other people did n't believe it. It is to be hoped that this is an extreme presentation of the case against the human affections, as it certainly is of the case against "April Hopes."

But if Mr. Howells has declined to go very searchingly into the emotional life of the heart and soul, he has been very far from neglecting the play of human sympathies and the influence of ethical considerations on conduct. One might, indeed, compile a monograph on the conscience from the pages of his novels. When you add to his acute sympathy for the plastic, sensitive season called youth, his keen appreciation of the exactions of an educated conscience, it will be seen that he is the divinely appointed historian of the young person with a leaven of Puritan blood in the veins, wherever we find him, or her. No one else ever has done, or will do, such complete justice to this young person, whom we suspect of being one of Mr. Howells's rare

enthusiasms; and this justice is especially complete to the feminine representative of the type. From Kitty Ellison down to Clementina Claxon—and they are a generation apart—he has given us a procession of “nice” girls, who are sisters in their anguished striving to do the thing that is wholly righteous, if peradventure they can find it out. And these young people are not only true to life, but their number has not been exaggerated. Sometimes, like Leslie Bellingham and Helen Harkness, they have had all the advantages that are procurable at a price even in Boston; sometimes, like Lydia of the Arostock and Cynthia Whitwell, they are self-made, and illustrate how simple and easy the process of self-making may be, if only the right ingredients are mingled in the cup.

“Ragged Lady,” Mr. Howells’s latest but not one of his least charming stories, is devoted to a very exhaustive demonstration of the foregoing proposition. It is a great deal easier for Clementina Claxon, whom we meet in the first chapter as a bare-footed, raggedly attired country-maid, to become what is technically called a lady, than it is for her not to become one. Honesty, simplicity, conscientiousness, and an austere self-respect are her moral bases; add to these physical beauty and a healthy sweetness of disposition, and you have a combination that carries far and may more easily lead to “manners of the sky” than any amount of ordinary training. Clementina takes the successive steps of her social elevation with tranquillity, because she is not thinking overmuch about herself. She accepts the conventions as she has always accepted the commandments; they fit her self-respect. It is as easy for her to be popular in Florentine society as for her to be popular as housekeeper’s help in the Middlemount House. You could not put her where she would not be popular, because you could not find a place where human nature is so dense as not to appreciate just the quality which she possesses. Her story sounds a little more like a fairy-tale than the stories Mr. Howells usually chooses to tell, but nevertheless it is inherently probable.

Clementina differs from her sisters in other novels of Mr. Howells in one important point; her conscience is never morbidly sensitive, because she is the embodiment of sanity. Once or twice the reader would have this otherwise. We are not yet used to the idea that a girl can remain absolutely sane in the transaction of her love-affairs, and Clementina’s poise in this respect offends against a deeply-rooted convention. There are times when enthusiasm is worth more than sanity. But this is the one defect of very precious qualities.

Incidentally “Ragged Lady” demonstrates one of those theorems of the inner life which are not laid down in books and which every man must discover for himself. Clementina has an unusual, almost a romantic life. But this fact justifies the absolute realism of her creator, for nothing is surer or more inexplicable in the mixing of human fortunes than the fact that the so-called romantic occurrences do not happen to the romantic people nor to the people who lead the life of

the imagination, possessing their desires in dreams. They happen, rather, to the simple, practical people who are unconscious of self, innocent of dreams, and able to accept the unusual without recognizing it.

Mr. Howells's mastery of the method which he has chosen to use in his work is so perfect that praise of it would be an impertinence. He *knows how*. It is impossible to say more than this of any one who has grasped the technique of his craft. But it has sometimes seemed that though his mastery of method is so complete, yet the method itself is somehow inadequate to the task he has marked out for himself. One cannot read Mr. Howells's critical essays without feeling oneself to be in the presence of a strenuous artistic intention, of a moving earnestness, of a passionate devotion to truth as he conceives it, and of a deep belief that the artistic representation of truth is profoundly profitable to the soul of man. His critical work, in short, often gives the reader the thrill of insight into the ways of the Creator that life itself gives us in our best moments. In his creative work this thrill is lacking. His method so misrepresents his intention that we get from his novels no impression of strenuousness, no sense that life is greatly worth while in itself, and that the delineation of it truthfully is a continual joy to the artist. Rather, we get the effect of a pitying patience, of a gentle agnosticism. We are aware of something in the writer that waits upon human nature and observes it with a helpless tenderness, with affection, with amusement, often with weariness for its perversities, but finally with a moderate hope for the ultimate triumph of the good in it. We fail to feel how much in earnest the writer really is, and carry away, instead, the notion that he is very kindly, a little sad, and that he has impeccable good taste.

The vigorous young prophet who wrote "The Light That Failed," laid down therein, in the dictum of Kami, what he himself evidently believes to be the final principle for an art-worker. "But you shall remember," says the veteran teacher to his class, "that it is not enough to have the method and the art and the power, nor even that which is touch, but you shall have also the conviction that nails the work to the wall."

We know that Mr. Howells has conviction—and that of the deepest and best—as well as all these other qualities. If then, his work, so finished, so conscientious, so flawless in itself, fails to convey to us just that vital stir which is the best gift of life and art alike—where is the fault? Is it not possible that it may be in the theory of a realism which in minimizing the value and predominance of all emotion is true to the outer aspect of existence at the expense of truth to the inner life?

CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT.



Mr. Howells and his Brother

A FRIENDSHIP that will interest the readers of William Dean Howells is the one which exists between the novelist and his elder brother, Joseph, who is conducting a little rural weekly paper in a small town in Ohio. The mutual affection began when the two, as boys not yet in their teens, worked in their father's printing-office, and has endured ever since, unimpaired by the divergence of their spheres of activity.

The sentimental side of the affection is readily attested by the frequent interchange of visits and the maintenance of the most regular correspondence, but it has a practical side as well. As one evidence of the kind solicitude for each other's welfare it may be noted that all of the novelist's books are placed in type in the printing-office at Jefferson, Ohio, in which the oldest editor in the State presides, and, later, electrotype plates are sent to the New York publisher. Stored away in one of the rear rooms of Mr. Joseph Howells's residence at Jefferson is also to be found nearly the whole edition of perhaps the only song ever written by the author of "Their Silver Wedding Journey." It is entitled "Don't Wake the Children," and that it did not become a popular success is probably due in great measure to failure to push its sale properly.

The brothers know each other as only two men can who have grown through an active boyhood together; and the elder Howells is full of reminiscences of their youthful days that afford a most interesting insight into the character of the well-known author. There were eight children in the Howells family, but as William Dean was only four years the junior of Joseph these two were perhaps closer companions than any of the others.

Almost every one of the Howells children has shown, to a greater or less extent, literary ability, inherited, perhaps, from their father, William Cooper Howells. In his day this gentleman conducted papers in half a dozen Ohio towns, and he placed in type the first article in which William Henry Harrison was mentioned for the Presidency of the United States.

In speaking, recently, of the early years of his life and that of his chum brother, Mr. Joseph A. Howells said: "I do not imagine that our boyhood was very different from that of the average little chaps in a small country town, although it was somewhat enlivened by the rather frequent migrations which the uncertainty of the country newspaper business prompted my father to make in trying to better his fortunes.

"Under all the circumstances it was probably small wonder that we became imbued with a fondness for literature and the art preservative. Our dwelling adjoined my father's newspaper office, and as soon as my brother and I were able to toddle about we made for the print shop with all the enthusiasm that a boy can manifest over an easy method for getting his hands grimy.

"When we were old enough to be of some service in the office we took up the work instinctively. Even had our inclinations been otherwise, however, I suppose it would have made small difference, for my father was in moderate circumstances and needed our help. Each of us in turn served his apprenticeship at folding the weekly papers; and later we graduated to the type case. Will was, I think, the most proficient of all the children. At the age of nine years he was setting type, and when he was eleven he could readily set five thousand ems per day. My brother got very little schooling, nor did any of us fare better, for the old-fashioned village school, after the fashion of such institutions, 'kept' very irregularly. I do not believe that the sum total of my brother's school days would amount to a year.

"The newspaper office, however, took the place of a school very acceptably. We spent all our spare time in wading through the voluminous reports of congressional proceedings, to which, in those days, the greater portion of the newspapers were given up. Then, too, we had access to quite a large library handed down from our Quaker grandparents; and although many of the volumes were of a decidedly sombre character we devoured them eagerly. Looking back, I have often thought that my brother read many more of those heavy, morbid books than was good for him. He was fond of history and poetry, taking especial delight in Longfellow's works and Goldsmith's 'History of Greece.' I was fascinated by Emerson Bennet's Indian stories, a class of reading for which my brother cared absolutely nothing. Nevertheless Will always joined in the mimic warfare which invariably followed the reading of these harrowing tales, and in which terrible havoc might have been wrought had the weapons employed been anything more substantial than tall weeds."

Mr. Joseph Howells says that in early boyhood his brother preferred a book to any sport that could be devised, but, later, manifested some interest in swimming and skating. One of the anecdotes which the novelist's brother relates is told in his own words as follows: "I remember one occasion on which my brother and I were joint partners in an amateur circus enterprise with Mike Bebb, a youngster whose father was at the time a candidate for governor, and when our tickets, bearing the inscription, 'Admit One to Bebb & Howells's Circus,' were scattered about town they caused no small sensation among the politicians, who supposed that reference was made to candidate Bebb and our father, then the editor of the most influential local paper."

In commenting on the fact that the author of "The Story of a Play" had, at the age of thirteen, written five plays, the veteran editor said: "It was strange how brother Will was affected by exciting books and plays. He was an imaginative, sensitive boy, whose head was always full of strange fancies, and after witnessing a play or spending an evening in reading he would often lie awake for hours, unable to set his mind at rest. One of Will's most striking characteristics as a boy, was his mortal fear of dogs and hydrophobia. Once a dog

snapped at him as he passed along the street, and though the bite was a very slight one it cost him years of anxiety, simply because he had read somewhere that hydrophobia sometimes developed years after the wound had healed."

Both the Howells boys wrote more or less for their father's paper, but William had a somewhat tragical experience with his first effort in the form of a serial story. He was sorely wounded by the harsh criticisms passed upon it by the simple-minded and intensely practical country folk, who comprised the constituency of the paper; and when one old gentleman, who called at the office to pay his subscription, remarked that he would be glad when "that there continued story was through," the circumstance caused him to be woefully depressed for days.

The home life of the Howellses, as described by this man who has spent nearly threescore years of his life in a printing-office, must have been very ideal. "Christmas," he said, "was always looked forward to as a time when we children could sit up later than usual, while mother, who was an excellent reader, entertained us with stories from the Christmas numbers of the various exchanges which we lugged home from the newspaper office. Our Christmas, proper, was always a very humble affair. We hung up our stockings invariably hoping that we might receive toys of wonderful mechanism, but we seldom found more than cakes and candy when we arose in the morning. We never had a Christmas tree, but the large dinner provided always compensated us for this deprivation. Father was intensely practical as well as idealistic, but mother believed in childish traditions, and so we retained our faith in Santa Claus until we were quite large. New Year's Day we celebrated in much the same manner that boys of the present day celebrate the Fourth of July, by exploding fire-crackers and occasionally discharging a few fireworks in the evening."

WALDON FAWCETT.

Mysteries

STARS and the flower in the sod,
The heart of a child and of God,
The lift of the wrinkled seas,
And the stir of sap in the trees—
Of these, or great or small,
We do not know at all.

The taking in of the breath,
And the Change that we call Death,
The Master Power of the Will,
And the Meaning of Good and Ill—
Such be the Mysteries
Whereof God holds the keys.

ELIZABETH KEMPER ADAMS.

Mr. Howells on the Platform

EVERY author has a theory, of course (especially if he is an Englishman), that no one can get him to lecture. The indefatigable Major Pond, who haunts the Atlantic, as everyone knows, in season and out of season, with a spy-glass in his hand, scanning the horizon for authors who venture abroad, apparently takes exception to this theory. It may be that he realizes in a general way that an author must have theories, and that his theory about himself is the hardest one of all to do anything with. But whether it is an infinite faith in patience, or in hard cash (or in patience if enough hard cash is put with it), it is certainly getting to be true, judging from events at least, that the entire problem of literature in England,—the problem of how to keep English literature at work producing itself, is getting to be the problem of How to Keep the English Author from Meeting Major Pond. This would seem (looked at from the outside) a moderately simple problem in a world with as wide a margin as this, but the fact remains—a fact of common observation—that the only English author coming to America, who has found the Atlantic large enough to dodge Major Pond in, is J. M. Barrie.

Nor is the situation in any wise different with our authors in the United States. The facilities for a famous man's turning out, for his going around the lecture platform, are getting to be so scarce in the United States to-day, that the American public can be depended upon to assume, for all practical purposes at least, that all it has to do, is to appoint a committee, hire a hall, and send in an order for any author it happens to want, and he will be delivered in the proper place, C. O. D., as a matter of course, at the appointed time.

Under these conditions, while there is plenty of reason for gratitude, there is very little reason for surprise in the news that comes to us, that the last stronghold of bashfulness in American letters has capitulated to Major Pond, and that W. D. Howells is to go on a tour of fifty lectures in the leading cities of the United States. Aside from hearing him, the pleasantest thing about Mr. Howells doing this, is that he never has done it before. A man who can keep still must have something to say, and even if he has not (a wild hypothesis with Mr. Howells), it goes without saying, that if a man can be found in this American land of ours who can keep still for thirty or forty years (whether by Major Pond or anyone else), it must be esteemed a blessed privilege by us all, to be able to buy seats, to be allowed to go and sit in large audiences and have one good look at him before we die. It is to be hoped that parents will take their children with them. There is no telling when Major Pond will be able to find such a man again.

But it is not Mr. Howells's main distinction that he has kept still for thirty or forty years, nor is it merely his silence that gives such grace and fitness to his speaking now. We want to hear Mr. Howells in America to-day because he particularly belongs to us and because

we particularly belong to him and because we are both proud of it. Judged from the ordinary standard of advertising and reputation-pushing that obtains to-day, it certainly must be admitted that Mr. Howells, though he created Silas Lapham and loved him, has never allowed Silas Lapham to brag about him. His work has never been pushed like the Persis Brand. He has stolen his public. There is nothing striking or picturesque or showy in his entire career. There never has seemed to be any one occasion rather than another that could be picked out, to make a parade in his honor. To people from the outside who come to us, we give dinners and make speeches. We make them make speeches. We cannot help it. Neither can they. It does not take very many of us to do it, and it is soon over and everybody bears up as well as he can, but we never celebrate Mr. Howells. He is part of our literary climate. We breathe Howells—most of us. It never occurs to people to hold an Anniversary for Oxygen. We probably would—if enough of it were taken away, but as long as we have it with us, we get all we can. It is our only way of appreciating it. The things that belong to us, that are really a part of us, in any great and vital and beautiful sense, are the things that we take for granted. It never occurs to anyone to attempt a Parade in honor of the American Climate. It would make a very pretty procession no doubt, but no one makes a start. There never seems to be any particular occasion for it. It is a question whether anything elemental can ever lend itself to being celebrated. It can only be lived in. We cannot reduce Mr. Howells to the celebrating stage. We cannot get him far enough off. We cannot untangle him from ourselves. His art belongs to us. Our common American lives are the warp and woof of all that he has wrought. In his large and sane and noiseless way he may be said to have done more for the self-respect of American fiction than any other living man. Under these circumstances it is no small occasion—the announcement that we are to be permitted, in any general sense, to hear his voice on the lecture platform. There is something about Mr. Howells that makes a public—his own particular public—almost blush not to be as modest as he is himself. Going to hear him lecture is as near a celebration as we can get. We know him too well.

Many of us would find it interesting to follow Mr. Howells about from one hall to another. We would find it still more interesting to watch Mr. Howells, who is always a spectator and an artist, follow himself about. He will be cheered by seeing the Rev. Mr. Sewall and Lemuel Barker in the front row in some places, sitting unconscious side by side. Mrs. Corey will be there. Mr. Corey will want to know what it was like when she gets home. Mrs. Pasmer will not fail to say something delightfully not to the point. Bartley Hubbard will write it up, and all the Silas Laphams in the East and West will go home wondering how it is that a gentle, quiet, unnoticing-looking little man like this should understand them so much better than they understand themselves.

GERALD STANLEY LEE.

Edwin Markham and Cora Chase

ATTENTION having been called by a newspaper in Dayton, Ohio, to a poem by Cora E. Chase, published in 1893, in *The Californian Illustrated Magazine*, bearing the same title and having the same metre as Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe," a few words as to this poem and Mr. Markham's knowledge of it, from one who was assistant editor of *The Californian* at the time, and was instrumental in bringing out Miss Chase's lines, may prove interesting.

When I first read Mr. Markham's poem, I thought, "Surely, I have seen this piece of work before, although I do not remember to have been impressed as at this last reading." The title and rhythm were certainly familiar, and I at once came to the conclusion that I had the original manuscript—or at least a copy of it—in my possession. Then I recalled a little double-paged pamphlet, with a photograph of Millet's painting on one side and the poem on the other. And very soon I found the manuscript. But lo! the poem was by Cora E. Chase. It was as follows:

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

O, peasant delving in the stubborn soil,
What solace has this Mother Earth for thee?
Gaining thy bread through years of bitter toil,
Contented, like the cattle, just "to be!"
The patience of the yoked ox is thine—
What childlike pathos in thy wandering eyes!
Oh, do they ever note the daisy's shine,
Or turn they ever to the vaulted skies?

If thou couldst stand upon some lofty height—
A great, fair city lying just below—
And view our progress with its steam-god's might,
Thou couldst not joy, because thou wouldst not know;
But, sore bewildered by the pageant's glare,
Wouldst turn with yearning to thy stubble field,
And the familiar toil which waits thee there—
While Earth still keeps the secrets she would yield.

O, knotted hand, canst thou not feel these tears?
That thou art pitiable, thou dost not know!
Kind Mother Nature, guide the closing years
Of this unlettered child, and help him grow.

Miss Chase had written originally, "soothe," instead of "guide," in the line preceding the last. And the last line read

"Of this unlettered child, Man with the Hoe,"

which, in editing the manuscript, I changed to read,

"Of this unlettered child, and help him grow."

This poem appeared in 1893, while Mr. Markham's, according to published statements, was written several years later.

There can be little doubt that Mr. Markham saw Miss Chase's poem in *The Californian*, for he was, at that time, in close touch with the magazine, being a contributor and subscriber to it, and being personally well acquainted with Prof. Charles Frederic Holder, the editor, and myself. He often visited the offices.

Besides, Mr. Markham frequently attended the meetings of a club called the "Practical Idealists," to which I belonged. Miss Chase was a "P. I.," and the poem was written during her membership. David Lesser Lezinsky, one of the members who made it a point to discover good work, secured this poem of Miss Chase's, read it before the Practical Idealists, then turned it over to me for publication. But what if Mr. Markham had read and heard these lines before? Mr. Markham says he saw the painting fourteen years ago, and the impression made upon him at the time gradually resolved itself into the thought and words that gave us "The Man with the Hoe." Miss Chase saw the painting only a short time before writing her poem—or rather she saw the photograph of the painting—and wrote it as one of a collection upon different masterpieces of art.

Miss Chase is a promising young elocutionist and poet. Her lines are full of thought and feeling, but the fact is undeniable that they would not have been reprinted were it not for the fame of Edwin Markham's poem.

What if he had read Miss Chase's "Man with the Hoe," and the rhythm of her poem was in his head when the impulse came upon him to write? He has taken up the theme where Miss Chase left off, and with all due appreciation of the strength of the young lady's poem, the fact that it was brought out in a Western publication long before Mr. Markham's, and caused no widespread comment, whilst the work of the latter seemed to take hold of and shake the critical East, shows that Mr. Markham's work stands alone upon its own individuality, direct from an original source. This, I say, notwithstanding similarity of subject, metre, and likening of the peasant to the ox. And if any further comment is necessary, I can only say, read some of Mr. Markham's other poems, which are as strong, if not as striking, as "The Man with the Hoe."

GENEVIEVE LUCILE FARNELL.



"The Man with the Hoe" Again

PERHAPS no poet really expects an answer to the stately interrogations which he levels against the universe or mankind at large; above all, when such interrogations are couched in rhetoric so seductive and masterly as in "The Man with the Hoe." And yet, and yet—between the almost breathless appreciation which the reader is compelled to give each stanza of this remarkable poem and one's afterthoughts there must often have been an unconscious protest. Possibly the bygone habits of school-days, when questions had to be answered, have asserted themselves, and the reader has felt a few nebulous answers gathering amid this chaos of poetical queries. Such answers would be especially likely to obtrude with gentle heresies if the reader had chanced to study Mr. Markham's poem immediately after the reading of a chapter from some work on evolution, like Drummond's "Ascent of Man." In the light of the processes of evolution, the throes of sympathy, and all the bitter Job-old misgivings excited by the man with a hoe, become subdued and transformed into a calm and complacent tranquillity, that need feel no worse pangs at the sight of the man who is "dead to rapture or despair" than in contemplating his more remote furry ancestor, or a nearer one whose "vestigial structures" were still more marked than his.

While it is undoubtedly well, now and then, to give the world a "mental and moral nudge" to accelerate the movements that uplift mankind, it is also well to temper one's sympathy with the remembrance that it has not been "man's inhumanity to man," alone, that has produced the semi-brutish condition of the hoe-handling class, but also certain conditions imposed by Nature upon those who first wrestled with her, unaided by the discoveries and inventions of later days. As long as Nature forced men to delve and drudge for their bare sustenance, it was most mercifully ordained that there should be a clod-like correspondence between their sensibilities and their tasks. For the same reason, the ox, with an ox's work to do, is a happier and more useful animal than he would be with anything more than an ox-light in his brain. Nobody "blew out the light" within the brain of the man with a hoe. The time had not come for it to be lighted, but the materials were in existence for kindling it in some succeeding generation. One might as logically mourn for the absence of the marvelous coloring of the butterfly in its grub state, as to sigh o'erlong over the too slanted brow of the toiling peasant, who is only a man "in the making"—a making that requires many patient centuries. And when these centuries are all completed, there will probably be a vaster difference between the highest type of the man that is to be and the one that now is, than exists between our wisest sage and "The Man with the Hoe."

If a sigh comes up at the thought of the gulfs between the seraphim and "The Man with the Hoe," how measure one's suspiration when

he contemplates the still greater chasms that lie between the seraphim and the barbarous African tribes whose language is a series of mere clicks, or the Eskimo who burrows in the snow, eats his meat raw, never ablutes, and leaves his female offspring out in the cold to perish?

One finds, too, the same widely varying range of gift and intelligence among the lower animals. The nightingale, if given to those comparisons which Dogberry says are "odorous," might well lament over the gulfs between it and the goose, the pouter pigeon, or the duck, and the trained racehorse would surely feel a pang of sympathy for the dull-witted mule or dromedary.

"The descent of man from the animal kingdom," says Drummond, "is sometimes spoken of as a degradation. It is an unspeakable exaltation." On his way to higher stages man was obliged to pass through the condition of the man with a hoe, but one should not pause too long in considering any one stage of evolution. A poet such as Mr. Markham should also sing a song of exultation over the illumination that inevitably awaits the remote descendants of "The Man with the Hoe."

ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

The Shakespeare "First Folio"

READERS OF THE CRITIC are doubtless aware that the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, known as the "First Folio," or the "Folio of 1623," was not published until seven years after the death of the dramatist in 1616. The enterprise appears to have been due to a syndicate of five printers and publishers, headed by William Jaggard, who had brought out the piratical "Passionate Pilgrim" in 1599. His partners were his son Isaac, with William Aspley (not "Apsley," as sometimes misprinted), John Smethwick, and Edward Blount. The Jaggards were printers, the others publishers or booksellers. The nominal editors of the volume were John Heming and Henry Condell, Shakespeare's friends and fellow actors, who were neither scholars nor critics, and probably had little to do with the work except to furnish the "copy," which was evidently drawn from material in the library of the theatre used by the actors for learning their parts. Twenty of the thirty-six plays in the volume (including all published in most of the modern editions, except "Pericles") had not been previously printed, and for these plays manuscript copies had to be used. The other sixteen had been separately printed (the early "quartos," so called) before 1623, and old copies of some of these (more or less damaged or mutilated by long use in the theatre) may have been given to the compositors instead of manuscripts.

Blount was the only one of the five publishers who had any literary taste, and probably, as Mr. Sidney Lee suggests ("Life of Shakespeare," p. 304), the chief labor of seeing the work through the press fell upon him. He had been a friend of Marlowe, and had been concerned in

the publication of two of his poems. He was also publisher of the collection of verse entitled "Love's Martyr," in which "The Phoenix and the Turtle" (signed "William Shakespeare," and probably his) first appeared.

The Folio is a volume of about nine hundred pages (906, to be exact, including the page facing the title and occupied by Ben Jonson's verses in praise of the portrait of Shakespeare on the title), and the plays are arranged, as in most modern editions, under the heads of "Comedies," "Histories," and "Tragedies." These divisions are paged separately, but have no special headings, except in the table of contents, in which, by the way, the play of "Troilus and Cressida" is omitted.

The typographical execution, according to Collier (the only authority quoted on this point by Donnelly and the Baconians generally), "does credit to the age," being, "on the whole, remarkably accurate." He adds: "So desirous were the editors and printers of correctness that they introduced changes for the better even while the sheets were in progress through the press." These corrections, however, are few and far between, and are mostly of such palpable errors of the type as might catch the eye of the printer while working off the sheets. It should be understood, moreover, that Collier, like other Shakespeare editors, elsewhere assumes that the Folio had no editing worthy of the name, and that the "copy" was such manuscripts and printed matter as had been used by the actors in the theatre. The printers seem to have done their work fairly well, considering the wretched "copy" they had. As Grant White says of the Folio, "its general appearance shows that it was designed to be a first-rate book for its day," but he adds that "all possible varieties of typographical derangements may be found in it."

Craik, in his "English of Shakespeare" (Rolfe's edition, p. 15), says: "Indisputable and undisputed errors are of frequent occurrence, so gross that it is impossible they could have been passed over, at any rate in such numbers, if the proof-sheets had undergone any systematic revision by a qualified person, however rapid." In an article on "The Text of Shakespeare," in the *North British Review* for February, 1854, Craik shows that the number of readings in the Folio which "must be admitted to be clearly wrong, or in the highest degree suspicious, probably amounts to about twenty thousand."

That theatrical copies of the plays were used by the compositor is proved beyond all doubt by the fact that in repeated instances the names of actors by whom the play was performed are prefixed to their portions of the dialogue, or inserted in the stage-directions, instead of those of the *dramatis personæ*. In "Much Ado," for instance, a stage-direction in ii. 3 reads thus: "Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iacke Wilson." Jack Wilson was evidently the player who took the part of *Balthazar*. Again, in iv. 2, we find "Kemp" nine times and "Kem." three times prefixed to *Dogberry's* speeches, and "Cowley" twice

and "Couley" once to the speeches of *Verges*. William Kemp and Richard Couley are known to have been actors of the time in London. In "3 Henry VI," i. 2, we find "*Enter Gabriel*" instead of "*Enter Messenger*," and "*Gabriel*" is the prefix to the speech that follows. Again, in iii. 1 of the same play, we have "*Enter Sinklo and Humfrey, with Crosse-bowes in their hands*," where the modern editions have "*Enter two Keepers*," etc.; and in the following dialogue we find "*Sink*," five times, "*Sinklo*" twice, and "*Sin*," once for the 1st Keeper, and "*Hum*," eight times for the 2d Keeper. Sinklo was an actor of inferior parts whose name occurs in playhouse records in connection with plays by other writers. He appears elsewhere in the Folio; as in scene 1 of the induction to "The Taming of the Shrew," "*Sinklo*" being the prefix to a speech of one of the players ("I think 't was Soto," etc.). The 1600 Quarto of "2 Henry IV." has in v. 4 "*Enter Sinklo and three or foure officers*"; showing that some at least of the Quartos, like the Folio, were printed from stage copies.

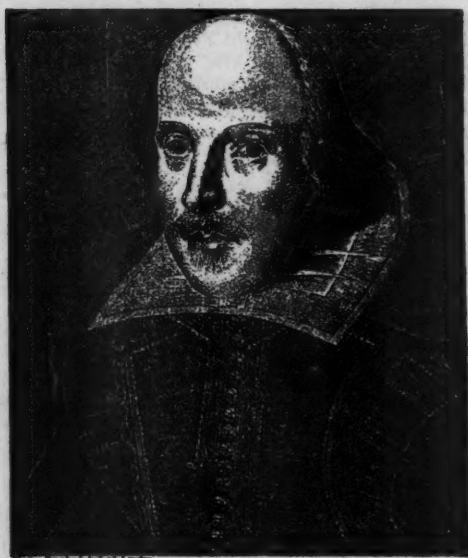
There is another class of irregularities which, I think, have not been classified by any other writer, though the separate facts are referred to by many editors. "The Tempest," the first play in the book, is divided throughout into acts and scenes. We have "*Actus primus, Scena prima*," "*Scena Secunda*," "*Actus Secundus, Scena Prima*," and so on to the end. The next three plays, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Measure for Measure," are similarly divided. Then come five plays divided only into acts, though the first heading in two of them is "*Actus primus, Scena prima*,"—"The Comedy of Errors," "Much Ado," "Love's Labour's Lost," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Merchant of Venice." In "The Taming of the Shrew" the induction is not marked, the play beginning with "*Actus primus. Scena Prima*." The next heading is "*Actus Tertia*" [sic] in the proper place; and further on we find "*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima*," and "*Actus Quintus*," but no other divisions. "All 's Well" is divided only into acts, "The Winter's Tale" into acts and scenes. The "Histories" are all divided in full, except "Henry V." (acts); "1 Henry IV." (badly mixed); "2 Henry VI." and "3 Henry VI." (not divided at all). In "1 Henry VI." acts i. and ii. are not divided into scenes; act iii. is rightly divided; "*Actus Quartus. Scena prima*" covers the first four scenes of act iv.; "*Scena secunda*" corresponds to scene 1 of act v.; "*Scena Tertia*" includes scenes 2, 3, and 4; and only scene 5 is put under the heading "*Actus Quintus*."

Of the "Tragedies," "Coriolanus," "Titus Andronicus," and "Julius Cæsar" are divided only into acts; "Macbeth," "Lear," "Othello," and "Cymbeline" into acts and scenes; "Troilus and Cressida," "Romeo and Juliet," "Timon of Athens," and "Antony and Cleopatra" into neither. In "Hamlet" three scenes of act i. and two of act ii. are marked, the remainder of the play having no division whatever.

The lack of proper editing in the Folio is also shown in the retention of matter for which the author had substituted a revised version. We can imagine how this might result from the use of old stage manuscripts for "copy." The revised passages were inserted in the manuscript, but the original form was allowed to remain—perhaps for

Mr. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



LONDON
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST FOLIO
SHAKESPEARE

the benefit of an actor who had already learned it, the later version being that which a new actor would learn. The two may have been distinguished by arbitrary marks in the margin, intelligible to the actors, but liable to be overlooked or not understood by the compositor.

A notable example of such duplication of matter occurs in "Love's Labour's Lost," iv. 3. In some modern editions the earlier version is omitted; in others (as in mine) it is enclosed in brackets. I will

take space here for only one of the bracketed passages, with the revised counterpart:

" For when would you, my lord,—or you,—or you,—
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire."

A little further on in the same speech we read:

" For when would you, my liege,—or you,—or you,—
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enriched you with?

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world,
Else none at all in aught proves excellent."

In this instance the blunder of the compositor seems to have been committed in "setting up" the Quarto of 1598, which, as the repetition of sundry typographical errors proves, was used as "copy" for the Folio. The title-page of the Quarto—evidently a pirated edition—describes the play as "newly corrected and augmented," and there are many indications of revision besides the one just noted.

In the last scene of "Timon of Athens," the epitaph of the misanthrope reads thus (except in spelling) in the Folio:

" Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not here thy gait."

We have here the *two* epitaphs given in North's "Plutarch," which Shakespeare used in writing this part of the play:

" He died in the city of Hales, and was buried upon the sea-side. Now it chanced so, that the sea getting in, it compassed his tomb round about, that no man could come to it; and upon the same was written this epitaph:

' Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches left!'

" It is reported that Timon himself when he lived made this epitaph; for that which is commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:

' Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait.'"

The dramatist seems to have written down both epitaphs while hesitating between them, and afterwards to have neglected to strike one out.

Words and phrases from foreign languages are badly corrupted in the Folio. Latin is generally given with tolerable accuracy, though we meet with perplexing instances like that in "Love's Labour's Lost," i. 1, where *Holofernes* is represented as saying: "*Bome boon for boon prescian*, a little scratcht, 't wil serve." Some of the editors have taken the quotation to be French, and have emended it accordingly, but Theobald's conjectural reading is generally adopted: "*Bone l—done for bene!* Priscian a little scratched; 't will serve."

French, Spanish, and Italian are ridiculously misprinted in almost every instance. In the "Merry Wives," i. 4, for example, we find this bit of French: "*mai foy, il fait fort chando, Fe man voi à le Court la grand affaires*"; and in "Henry V.," iv. 5, this: "*O signeur le iour et perdia, toute et perdia*." The reader may be puzzled to correct these without referring to a modern edition. He will have more difficulty with the Italian proverb in "Love's Labour's Lost," iv. 2, as the Folio prints it: "*venchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te per-reche*," where every word but *non* is wrong. This, by the way, exactly follows the Quarto of 1598, which, as already mentioned, was used as "copy." In the same play, v. 2, the modern editors cannot decide whether "*Fortuna delarguar*" is corrupt Spanish for *fortuna de la guerra*, or *del agua*, or *de la guarda*.

It would take too much space to illustrate, even in this brief way, all the faults of the Folio, regarded solely from the printer's or proof-reader's point of view, and I must barely mention others without even a single example of each. Verse is often disarranged and sometimes printed as prose, while prose is put into the guise of verse. Sentences are cut in two by a period followed by a capital letter. Lines are transposed. Speeches are assigned to the wrong character. The punctuation is bad throughout, and often obscures or perverts the sense. In not a few instances the editors cannot decide how the pointing should be corrected. Of single words that are obviously corrupt the majority have been satisfactorily or plausibly corrected; but there are some thirty of them which, as Dr. Ingleby remarks, are to be "referred to the category of *immortal nonsense*." Desperate attempts have been made to explain them, but with most of them "every conscientious editor has played a losing game." Among these I may mention "anheires" ("Merry Wives," ii. 1), "arm-gaunt" ("Antony and Cleopatra," i. 5), "land-damn" ("Winter's Tale," ii. 1), "prenzie" ("Measure for Measure," iii. 1), "Strachy" ("Twelfth Night," ii. 5), "Vllorxa" ("Timon of Athens," iii. 3), etc.

It will be seen how completely the facts I have given—to say nothing of abundant internal evidence of other sorts—refute the theory of the Baconian heretics that the Folio was a carefully revised edition of Bacon's dramatic works in the form in which he desired to transmit them to posterity. Donnelly tells us that Bacon believed that his plays "would yield more lustre and reputation to his name" than his essays or his philosophical works, and he therefore took "the utmost

pains" to publish them before his death. Mr. Edwin Reed, in the latest (1897) edition of his "*Bacon vs. Shakspeare*," says:

"Shakespeare died in 1616, seven years before the Folio was published. . . . On the other hand, Bacon retired to private life in 1621, at the age of sixty, in the plenitude of his powers, and under circumstances that would naturally cause him to roll this apple of discord, refined into the purest gold, down the ages."

If Bacon thus revised and perfected his plays for the Folio, we see how he did it. If we wish to see how he did other work of the kind which we know to be really his, we can cite the testimony of Donnelly to "the extraordinary and phenomenal industry" of the man as shown in the elaboration of "the twenty volumes of his acknowledged writings." He tells us that Bacon "rewrote his essays *thirty times*" and "twelve times transcribed the '*Novum Organon*' with his own hand." Moreover, the works which Bacon himself saw through the press are carefully printed. The reader will find a good illustration of this in Mr. W. Aldis Wright's accurate reprint of the 1625 edition of the "Essays," published by Macmillan. Few books of the present day are freer from errors of the type. Can the Folio, with its twenty thousand errors and the other evidences of slovenly editing that I have pointed out, be the fruit of the utmost pains of this phenomenally laborious scholar in a final edition of his greatest works?

A few other facts concerning the Folio may be referred to very briefly. The edition, according to the estimate of Steevens early in the present century, numbered 250 copies. No estimate, I think, has put it above 500 copies; and these supplied the demand until 1632, when the Second Folio was published. Of the original edition it is probable that at least 150 copies are extant, about one half of which are in this country. Mr. Sidney Lee says that "about 140 copies have been traced within the past century," and that of these "fewer than twenty are in a perfect state." Many imperfect copies have been so ingeniously repaired or restored that only expert scrutiny can detect the modern work.

The price of the Folio when first published was twenty shillings, or about five dollars, equivalent to six or seven times that amount now. A copy, not absolutely perfect, is said to have been sold recently for \$8500. The owner of one supposed to be perfect told me a year or two ago that he paid \$6500 for it. About twenty years ago Mr. Hallwell-Phillipps estimated "the average price of a perfect copy" at £500 (about \$2500), though the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, some years earlier, had paid £716 for a particularly fine copy—perhaps the best in existence.

The best reprint of the Folio is the one published by Mr. Lionel Booth in three parts in 1861-64. No misprints have been detected in it, those which have been supposed to exist being due to variations in different copies of the original work. A photo-zincographic reproduction was brought out under the direction of the late Howard Staunton

in parts in 1864-65. Both these editions are out of print. A photographic facsimile published in England in 1876, and now sold in this country by Funk & Wagnalls, though the text is reduced too much to answer the purposes of the critical student, will serve to give a general idea of the arrangement and typography of the original.

W. J. ROLFE.

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian

EVERYONE who is interested in the history of literature and art in this country knows the name and work of the late John Sartain of Philadelphia. While Mr. Sartain was not an original worker in either literature or art, that is, he was not a creator of books or paintings, yet as an editor he developed and encouraged some of the best known writers in America, and as an engraver he popularized the work of some of the best known painters. When some of us were younger than we are now we derived much of our art education from Mr. Sartain's mezzotints.

Mr. Sartain died two years ago, and a short time before his death he completed his "Reminiscences," which cover the period from 1808 to 1897. The book will be published immediately by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. In a short but characteristic introduction, Mr. Sartain tells how he came to write this book, which, it seems, we owe to Mr. Thomas A. Janvier. I quote Mr. Sartain's words:

"It may not be out of place to mention here the immediate impulse toward the starting of this book. A small gathering of intimates in my library one evening included my esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Janvier. In the course of the general conversation, I had occasion to relate the case of a man who endeavored to evade payment of a just claim by means of a quibble. In the written obligation the words 'this indenture' were used, but as the four smooth edges of the document formed a perfect parallelogram, he argued that there was no indenture, and therefore the contract was not binding. The judge on the bench asked to look at the agreement. When it was handed up to him, he took out his penknife and cut one edge of the paper to a waved line, and then returned it to the captious disputant, saying, 'It is now an indenture.' This suggested to Mr. Janvier an amusing idea. He drew up an obligation that I would within one year from date begin writing my reminiscences. He placed the pen in my hand and I signed it. He then cut it in two diagonally in a waved line from one corner to the other. 'There, that's an indenture. You may have one half. I shall keep the other, and will hold you to it.' Hence this book."

While Mr. Sartain's reminiscences of England are most entertaining, those which relate to America are even more so. Philadelphia, in the early part of the century, was the literary centre of the United States. Even the famous writers of Boston, among them Lowell and Hawthorne, looked to the Quaker City for appreciation and support.

This was largely owing to the success of *Graham's Magazine*, which did much to encourage American writers. Mr. Graham, who was a shrewd business man and advanced for his day, arranged with Mr. Sartain to engrave a frontispiece for each number of his magazine. It was owing as much to this as to the literary contents of the monthly, that its circulation advanced from five thousand to forty thousand! Graham was considered the Napoleon of the periodical world in those days, on account of this great circulation. He was induced, unfortunately, to go into literary and other speculations which ended disastrously, and his magazine finally came into the hands of Mr. Sartain. It was as editor of *Graham's Magazine* that Mr. Sartain became interested in, and acquainted with, Edgar Allan Poe, and his chapter on Poe is, perhaps, the most interesting one in a very interesting volume. It throws so much light on the character of this mad man of "letters," that I am tempted to quote freely from it.

When Mr. Sartain took over the editorship of *Graham's Magazine*, Poe was the assistant editor, as well as a frequent contributor. "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," named in his original manuscript "The Murders in the Rue Trianon-Bas," and "The Descent into the Maelstrom," appeared in this magazine. Poe's salary as editor under Mr. Graham was \$800 per year, and though Mr. Sartain does not say so, it was probably the same under his proprietorship. Poe's poem, "The Bells," was published in *Graham's Magazine*, and the price paid for it was forty-five dollars. In the form that the poem was first submitted it consisted of "eighteen lines of small merit." He received fifteen dollars for this, but after he had "written and improved it to one hundred and thirteen lines," he was paid thirty dollars more. The eighteen-line version was divided into two stanzas, of which this is the first:

"The bells!—hear the bells!
The merry wedding bells!
The little silver bells!
How fairy-like a melody there swells
From the silver tinkling cells
Of the bells, bells, bells!
Of the bells!"

"It is interesting," says Mr. Sartain, "to compare these lines with what he made of this first stanza in the form it afterwards assumed and as we published it in the November number of *Sartain's Magazine* for 1849."

"Hear the sledges with their bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells."

Let us now compare the first draft of the last stanza with the subsequent improvement:

"The bells—an, the bells!
 The heavy iron bells!
 Hear the tolling of the bells!
 Hear the knells!
 How horrible a monody there floats
 From their throats—
 From their deep-toned throats!
 How I shudder at the notes
 From the melancholy throats
 Of the bells, bells, bells!
 Of the bells!"

"These lines," continues Mr. Sartain, "are but eleven in number, yet in his recast of this closing stanza there are as many as forty-four. In thus prolonging it he was enabled to produce an impression on the mind of that monotonous repetition of a peal of heavy bells, an echo, as it were, of the reality he describes. The following form is that in which he finally let it remain":

"Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
 In the silence of the night
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls;—
 And their king it is who tolls;—
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls
 A pæan from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells!
 And he dances and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,

The last poem that Poe wrote was "Annabel Lee." Mr. Sartain purchased it from him, but before he was ready to issue it he found that the author had sold it to three other publishers.

The last time that Mr. Sartain saw Poe was late in the year 1849 and under peculiar and painful conditions. I quote from the book: "Early one Monday afternoon he suddenly entered my engraving room, looking pale and haggard, with a wild and frightened expression in his eyes. I did not let him see that I noticed it, and shaking him cordially by the hand invited him to be seated, when he began: 'Mr. Sartain, I have come to you for a refuge and protection; will you let me stay with you? It is necessary for my safety that I lie concealed for a time.' I assured him that he was welcome, that in my house he would be perfectly safe, and he could stay as long as he liked, but I asked him what was the matter. He said it would be difficult for me to believe what he had to tell, or that such things were possible in this nineteenth century. I made him as comfortable as I could, and then proceeded with my work, which was pressing. After he had had time to calm down a little, he told me that he had been on his way to New York, but he had overheard some men who sat a few seats back of him plotting how they should kill him and then throw him off from the platform of the car. He said they spoke so low that it would have been impossible for him to hear and understand the meaning of their words, had it not been that his sense of hearing was so wonderfully acute. They could not guess that he heard them, as he sat so quiet and apparently indifferent to what was going on, but when the train arrived at the Bordentown station he gave them the slip and remained concealed until the cars moved on again. He had returned to Philadelphia by the first train back, and hurried to me for refuge. I told him that it was my belief the whole scare was the creation of his own fancy, for what interest could those people have in taking his life, and at such risk to themselves? He said, 'It was for revenge.' 'Revenge for what?' said I. He answered, 'Well, a woman trouble.' Now and then some fragmentary conversation passed between us as I engraved, and shortly I began to perceive a singular change in the current of his thoughts. From such fear of assassination his mind gradually veered round to an idea of self-destruction, and his words clearly indicated this tendency. After a long silence he said suddenly: 'If this mustache of mine were removed I should not be so readily recognized; will you lend me a razor, that I may shave it off?' I told him that as I never shaved I had no razor, but if he wanted it removed I could readily do it for him with scissors. Accordingly I took him to the bath-room and performed the operation successfully."

Poe insisted upon going into hiding, and Mr. Sartain went with him to a house out near the Schuylkill. Poe raved like a madman all through the night, conjuring up scenes which were entirely imaginative, but which seemed to him to be real. One was that to torture him and wring his heart, some one had seized Mrs. Clemm, his mother-in-

law, whom he loved as a real mother, and sawed her into small pieces before his eyes. In the morning, Mr. Sartain succeeded in getting the unfortunate man to his own house, and there he kept him for several days, sleeping in the room with him so that he could not get away, for he seemed to be bent on suicide. A month from this time, Poe was dead in Baltimore. Mr. Sartain insists that the accepted statement that Poe died in a drunken debauch is positively false. Dr. Moran, who attended him, attested that he died from a chill caused by exposure during the night under a cold October sky. Alas, poor Poe!

Another interesting chapter in Mr. Sartain's "Reminiscences" is devoted to Rebecca Gratz, a Jewish young lady of Philadelphia, who, as every one knows, was the original of "Rebecca" in Scott's "Ivanhoe." "The personal beauty," to quote from Mr. Sartain, "the noble qualities of character, and some incidents of her history were described to Scott one day by her intimate friend, Washington Irving. Two years later, in 1819, the great novelist sent to Irving a first copy of the story into which he had introduced her as heroine, and wrote to him: 'How do you like your Rebecca? Does the Rebecca I have pictured compare well with the pattern given?'"

It is curious that Scott was able to make so much out of a character about which he knew so little. Had Irving, who knew Miss Gratz, made her the heroine of his story, it would not have been strange.

J. L. G.

The Immortals

THINK! The gods have been among us, seen us, marked our speech
and tone,

Touched the smallness of our natures with the largeness of their own,
Deigned to walk the path beside us, in our homes to eat and drink,
They, the deathless, ever blessed—O my comrades, do you think?

And we watched them, never dreaming they were more than common
men,—

Though we heard their gracious language, though again and yet again
We beheld the generous fashion which they used in going through
Every task and every duty given unto men to do,—

Till the great occasion called them, showed their stature to us, drew
Off the veil that hid their faces, as they vanished, and we knew.

Hush! They may be walking round us in the twilight—who shall
say?—

Others of the gods, and seeking if we give them yea or nay,
We, the deaf ones, we, the blind ones, needing better ears and eyes
To discern the great immortals through whatever thin disguise,
That, amid the blaze of noonday or the evening's purple glow,
We may heed them, know them, love them, ere these also rise and go.

SAMUEL V. COLE.

Victor Hugo's Memoirs

THIS remarkably well translated volume* is historical as well as biographical. Indeed, the historic note, not the personal one, preponderates, except in the closing chapters, on the siege of Paris and the Assembly at Bordeaux, in which Hugo's somewhat distorted estimate of his own importance occasionally crops out. He certainly reports with pride the high value placed upon his life by his countrymen during the siege. The memoirs are not continuous, touching only upon salient episodes and prominent men, while leaving minor matters and personages untouched; but they reach back into the last century, to the execution of Louis XVI. as it was told Hugo by an eyewitness, proceed thence to Napoleon I. as he was seen, for a moment, in 1815, and close with the ruin wrought by his cousin in the Terrible Year, and the first attempts at reconstruction. Literature is not entirely forgotten, but the portraits drawn by the great Frenchman's master-pen are chiefly of rulers and statesmen. A chapter on the theatre is added to this, with "impressions" of Mlle. Mars, Frédéric Lemaitre, and other stars of an earlier day; while a few realistic sketches round out the volume.

Oddly enough, in these days of the study of Shakespeare in France, Hugo opens his pages with an account of how Nodier made him acquainted with the works of the great Englishman.

"It was at Rheims," he says, "that I heard the name of Shakespeare for the first time. It was pronounced by Charles Nodier. That was in 1825, during the coronation of Charles X. No one at that time spoke of Shakespeare quite seriously. Voltaire's ridicule of him was law. Mme. de Staël had adopted Germany, the great land of Kant, of Schiller, and of Beethoven. Ducis was at the height of his triumph; he and Delille were seated side by side in academic glory, which is not unlike theatrical glory. Ducis had succeeded in doing something with Shakespeare; he had made him possible; he had extracted some 'tragedies' from him; Ducis impressed one as being a man who could chisel an Apollo out of Moloch. It was the time when Iago was called Pezare; Horatio, Norceste; and Desdemona, Hédelmone. Talma, Prince of Denmark, in a tunic of lilac trimmed with fur, used to exclaim, 'Avaunt! dread spectre!' The poor spectre, in fact, was only tolerated behind the scenes. If it had ventured to put in the slightest appearance, M. Evariste Dumoulin would have given it a severe talking to. Some Génin or other would have hurled at it the first cobblestone he could lay his hand on—a line from Boileau: 'L'esprit n'est point ému de ce qu'il ne croit pas.' It was replaced on the stage by an 'urn' that Talma carried under his arm. A spectre is ridiculous; 'ashes,' that's the style! Are not the 'ashes' of Napoleon still spoken of? As to the witches of 'Macbeth,' they were rigorously barred. The hall-porter of the Théâtre Français

* "The Memoirs of Victor Hugo." With a Preface by Paul Meurice. Translated by John W. Hading. G. W. Dillingham Co.

had his orders. They would have been received with their own brooms."

Nodier, who read English, translated Shakespeare to Hugo, who, in his turn, knowing Spanish, translated passages of the "Romancero" to his companion. "We compared the English with the Castilian book; we confronted the dramatic with the epic. Nodier stood up for Shakespeare, whom he could read in English, and I for the 'Romancero,' which I could read in Spanish. And little by little, in contradicting we convinced each other, and Nodier became filled with enthusiasm for the 'Romancero,' and I with admiration for Shakespeare." All this, however, is but incident to a chapter of impressions of Rheims, its cathedral, and its rôle in French history such as only Hugo could write.

Before turning to the historical contents of the volume, room is made here for one of Hugo's anecdotes of the Academy, which—all of them—corroborate the opinion of that august body held by the author of "L'Immortel." He tells of the election of new members, and of other matters, and recurs twice to the great Academic dictionary of the French language, the distant time of whose completion has become a classic subject for pleasantries.

"To-day, September 12 [1850]," he reports, "the Academy worked at the dictionary. A propos of the word 'increase,' this example, taken from the works of Mme. de Staël was proposed: 'Poverty increases ignorance, and ignorance poverty.'

"Three objections were immediately raised:

"1. Antithesis.

"2. Contemporary writer.

"3. Dangerous thing to say.

"The Academy rejected the example."

In 1848, the year of the Revolution, to which Hugo devotes some of his best chapters, Chateaubriand died. "Towards the close of his life he was almost in his second childhood. His mind was only lucid for about two or three hours a day, at least so M. Pilorge, his former secretary, told me. When in February he was apprised of the proclamation of the republic, he merely remarked, 'Will you be any the happier for it?'

"M. de Chateaubriand," Hugo concludes, "at the beginning of 1847 was a paralytic; Mme. Récamier was blind. Every day at three o'clock M. de Chateaubriand was carried to Mme. Récamier's bedside. It was touching and sad. The woman who could no longer see stretched forth her hands gropingly towards the man who could no longer feel; their hands met. God be praised! Life was dying, but love still lived."

Victor Hugo knew Louis Philippe well, and throws much new light upon the "citizen king." He was not avaricious, he tells us, as is commonly reported. "He may have been covetous, but he certainly was not miserly; he was the most prodigal, the most extravagant, and

least careful of men; he had debts, accounts, and arrears everywhere," which came to light after he had lost his crown. The king had an exalted opinion of his own talents, which Hugo did not share. He felt that he was "the pivot upon which Europe revolves." Some of his observations reported here—and he was a voluble talker, rather than a conversationalist—are, however, full of shrewdness.

"Look here," he said on one occasion, "I am going to England next month. I shall be very well received; I speak English. And then, Englishmen appreciate the fact that I have studied them closely enough not to detest them. For one always begins by detesting the English. This is an effect of the surface. I esteem them, and pride myself on the fact. Between ourselves, there is one thing I apprehend in going to England, and that is, a too warm welcome. I shall have to elude an ovation. Popularity there would render me unpopular here. But I must not get myself badly received either. Badly received there, taunted here. Oh! it is not easy to move when one is Louis Philippe, is it, Monsieur Hugo?"

"However, I will endeavor to manage it better than that big stupid, the Emperor of Russia, who went riding full gallop in search of a fall. . . . What an idea, to arrive in London on the eve of the Polish ball! Do you think I would go to England on the eve of the anniversary of Waterloo? What is the use of running deliberately into trouble? Nations do not derange their ideas for princes. Monsieur Hugo! Monsieur Hugo! intelligent princes are very rare."

Among the King's reminiscences was one of a dinner at which both he and Robespierre were present; again, when he was in England, the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) used to say to him: "Duc d'Orléans, a war between France and England is necessary every twenty years. History shows it." To which the future King invariably replied, "My dear Duke, of what use are people of intelligence if they allow mankind to do the same foolish things over and over again?"

We have not the space to quote here the King's opinion of Peel and Pitt, nor Victor Hugo's reminiscences of the Duchess of Orleans, or the royal princes, among them the Count of Paris. Louis Napoleon, too, figures largely in these memoirs. In the early days of his Presidency, he found his Cabinet, led by Thiers, solid against him, though divided against itself, and determined to keep from him all power. Complaining of this to the Prince de la Moskowa, the Man of Destiny said wittily, "They want to make of me a Prince Albert of the Republic."

The temptation is great to keep on quoting from this fascinating book. But we leave the rest of its rich contents for the reader to discover and enjoy, believing that what is given above is sufficient to whet his curiosity.

A. S. v. W.

The Drama

ON GENERAL principles one would suppose that if a novel is to be dramatized the work ought to be done by the author, who naturally might be supposed to have an intelligent comprehension of his own purpose. The rule does not always hold good, but is well exemplified in the case of Mr. Zangwill, who has succeeded far better than most experienced persons would have ventured to anticipate in making an effective play out of his "Children of the Ghetto," without departing utterly from the scope, character, and purpose of the book. It is only the first or Ghetto part of the volume with which he deals. And this, as most readers know, consists mainly of a series of domestic sketches, connected by the veriest spider's web of story. The entire absence of anything resembling a plot was, indeed, the most obvious difficulty in his way, and it cannot be said that he has overcome it triumphantly, although he has met it in a manner both skilful and courageous. For the slender backbone of his drama he has taken the mischief arising out of the mock marriage celebrated by that practical joker, Sam Levine, the main interest centring in the betrothal of Hannah Jacobs and David Brandon, the consent of old "Reb" Shemuel to their union, and his revocation of it upon his discovery that the alliance was illegal—under the Mosaic law, David being a Cohen, and therefore forbidden to marry a divorced woman. These circumstances lead to a powerfully dramatic and genuinely pathetic situation in the third act, and to the final parting of the lovers, which is accomplished, very nearly as it is in the book, in a closing scene of great ingenuity and effectiveness and thoroughly artistic execution.

It must be confessed that the first and second acts, in which the personages, being of necessity very lightly and rapidly sketched, are somewhat vague and misty, while the humor, or most of it outside the divorce episode, is somewhat thin and conventional, move somewhat slowly. The characters, although founded on the original types, are not distinct enough for studies, and are yet too close to life to furnish amusement by their mere grotesqueness. But with the third act the serious dramatic interest is aroused, and thenceforward is well maintained to the end. The scene in "Reb" Shemuel's house is not only interesting as a peep into the domestic life of an orthodox Jew, and the relations existing between the pastor and his flock, but because of the strong and moving incident in which it culminates. A more

effective or novel situation than that in which the Rabbi, after blessing his child's union, suddenly puts it under a ban, at the cost of ruined lives for all three of the personages concerned, could not easily be devised, and it is, on the whole, powerfully interpreted by Wilton Lackaye, Frank Worthing, and Blanche Bates. The success of the play, on the first night, was won at this juncture, and was confirmed by the sad but strong and artistic ending, in which Hannah, after promising to elope with her lover and declaring herself emancipated from all the narrow precepts of the law, is recalled to a sense of moral and filial responsibilities by her father's faith, devotion, and tenderness, and quietly dismisses her lover, with the pathetic confession that her heart, like his, is breaking.

On the whole, the character of the piece as a race-play is successfully maintained in the representation in spite of a tendency on the part of some of the minor performers to conventionality and exaggeration. Mr. Wilton Lackaye furnishes an attractive picture of the learned, gentle, charitable, and humorous old Rabbi, and displays, as he has often done before, emotional power of an uncommon kind in the great scene of the third act. His solemn and dignified tenderness in the closing scenes of the play is also striking. Miss Blanche Bates is not altogether well suited in the part of Hannah, but interprets with considerable truth the dumb agony resulting from the shock of a sudden despair. Mr. Worthing plays Brandon understandingly but not brilliantly. One of the most finished sketches, very life-like in its dirtiness, its meekness, and its absent-mindedness, is the Moses Ansell of Adolphe Lestina.

Whether the nature of the play will permit it to become widely popular is a question which need not be decided now. But there can be no doubt that the literary and artistic quality of the work is high, in spite of its humble type, and Mr. Zangwill is to be congratulated upon the result of a rather hazardous and unpromising experiment.

The "Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New Amsterdam," of Brander Matthews and Bronson Howard, which has been running prosperously in Wallack's Theatre, although it can scarcely be said to have fulfilled all the highest expectations founded upon the reputations of the joint authors, is, nevertheless, a welcome addition to the slowly growing list of American dramas. Messrs. Matthews and Howard, mindful doubtless of the sharply defined characteristics of Mr. William H. Crane as an actor, have elected, not altogether without wisdom, perhaps, to modify the testiness and stolid Dutch obstinacy of their wooden-legged hero, and to invest him with a mellower humor and a larger measure of social humanity. He still blusters tyrannically in his council and in his household, but he is a little afraid, nevertheless, of his womankind, has been softened by early disappointment in a love affair, and has developed a hitherto unsuspected passion for match-making, as an aid to domestic and international diplomacy. It must be admitted that the love interest, if not wholly consonant with the

commonly accepted attributes of the fiery old Governor, is one of the most ingenious contrivances of the piece. Mr. Crane has a part in which he is seen to considerable advantage. This actor no longer makes much effort to disguise his own personality, and his Peter Stuyvesant is practically identical with many of his previous impersonations, offering little or no suggestion of Dutch phlegm, or indeed of any other Dutch attribute, but his mannerisms fit the play character well enough, while his humor, passion, and pathos, if not very deep or varied, are genuine, and his technical skill adequate. He is constantly amusing in his irascible outbreaks, in his bullying of his councillors, and in his self-satisfied but bungling management of the lovers, and touches a chord of deep and true feeling in his manifestation of distress over the supposed treachery of Conrad. Where he falls short is the suggestion of the real strength of the man, but for this, as has been intimated, he is not solely responsible, the authors having sacrificed historical and national to domestic interest in the concluding scenes. They are most successful in reflecting the spirit of the time in the humors of the council, and Mr. George Fawcett distinguishes himself by a clever and comical sketch of the chief adviser, an owlish old Dutchman who gives a rumbling assent to every proposition of the Governor. Mr. William Sampson also furnishes a capital sketch of a French doctor, an old bachelor who becomes one of Peter's matrimonial victims, while Miss Haswell and Miss Milliken are attractive and capable representatives of Anneke and Katrina. The general representation, indeed, is thoroughly efficient, while the scenery and other accessories are of notably good quality.

It is rather late in the day, perhaps, to be speaking of "The Only Way," which is one of the established successes of the season, but the representation possesses some conspicuous merits which entitle it to a few words of record. It is the latest, and one of the most effective of the many adaptations of "A Tale of Two Cities," the author being Mr. Freeman Wills, who has been very successful, on the whole, in presenting the main outlines of the story in compact and intelligible form. Avoiding the common error of most adapters, who try to reproduce far too much, he has omitted many of the prominent figures of the novel—Miss Pross, Jerry Cruncher, and others—altogether, and has consolidated Defarge and his terrible wife, into one male personage, who becomes a sinister and powerful melodramatic figure. He strengthens the love interest, moreover, by expanding the character of the little sempstress, who plays so pathetic a part in the closing scenes of the book, and making her prominent throughout the story as an orphan secretly and hopelessly attached to Sydney Carton. To say Mr. Henry Miller is completely satisfying would be going too far, but this must be ranked among the best things he has done.

J. RANKEN TOWSE.

Book Reviews

"The Civil War on the Border"

By Wiley Britton. 2 vols., 1891-1899. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

VOLUME I. of this excellent work appeared in 1891. The second volume is now, after an interval of eight years, only just out. The two volumes deal with the most important military operations in Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, and the Indian Territory from 1861 to 1865. The majority of these are what are termed the minor operations of war. The author served with the Federal army during the entire period, participated in the operations, and witnessed most of the events described. He therefore enjoyed the rare advantage of being able to write from personal observation. When to this is added the fact that he had access to official records in the War Department, where he was at one time employed, and was thus enabled to compare his own data with the reports of commanding officers and others, published by the Government, the narrative, it will be seen, can be justly claimed as historically accurate.

Volume I. gives a graphic account of the struggle between the Unionists and the Secessionists for the control of Missouri in the very incipency of the Civil War. This is exceedingly interesting, being well and clearly told. The style is well adapted to the nature of the subject. From mere demonstrations of evil intent, the contending parties soon pass to actual conflict, and the capture of Camp Jackson and the battles of Carthage and Wilson's Creek, in both of which the Unionist forces suffered reverses, follow in quick succession. It was in the latter fight that the gallant General Nathaniel Lyon lost his life. This was followed by the siege and fall of Lexington, so disastrous to the Union cause.

On March 7 and 8, 1862, was fought the battle of Pea Ridge, in which the Southern forces under Van Dorn were defeated by the Federal army under General Curtis. This is well told.

The volume concludes with an account of the attack on Springfield by the Confederate forces under General Marmaduke, their repulse by General Brown, and the retreat of the former from Missouri into Arkansas.

The author's style is, in the main, plain and direct, as becomes a military writer. The occasional lapses are all the more noticeable. In the description of the action at Hartville, page 462, we are told that the "flash and roar of eight hundred Federal *muskets* announced that a storm of leaden hail had been sent forth winged with death and woe," and "Confederate soldiers dropped to the ground on every side." There were just twelve Confederates killed!

Volume II. has just been issued to meet the public demand created by the favorable notices of its predecessor. It opens with an account of the withdrawal of the Army of the Frontier from Northwestern Arkansas, and concludes with "The Last Fight of Bill Anderson, the

Bandit." The latter, together with the story of Quantrill's Bandits, and Price's Raid in Missouri, furnish abundant material for a dozen dime novels such as "Ned Buntline" never dreamed of.

When the Army of the Frontier was merged into, and became a part of, the Seventh Army Corps, and was officially known as the Frontier Division of that Corps, it seemed only proper, and indeed essential to the completeness of the narrative, that an account of the operations of the Frontier Division should be given. Hence the description of the Camden Expedition, and a chapter devoted to the "Red River Dam," for the passage of the gunboats. The latter is one of the most interesting in the book. It is the story of the Red River Expedition, one of the most disastrous to the Union cause of any campaign in the West during the war, though planned, or, shall we say, through being planned, in Washington.

There were to be three converging columns directed upon Shreveport, La., March, 1864. The three columns were to start from New Orleans, Vicksburg, and Little Rock, under Generals Banks, Sherman, and Steele, respectively, and the Mississippi Squadron, under Admiral Porter, was to coöperate. At Sabine Crossroads the column under General Banks was defeated by the Confederates on the 8th of April. The second encounter of this column was at Pleasant Hill. It was indecisive. The detachment from General Sherman's army, under A. J. Smith, was withdrawn April 10th, at the very time it was most needed, and, by the falling of the waters of Red River, Admiral Porter's squadron was caught above the rapids at Alexandria, La. The expedition was therefore abandoned.

The building of the Red River Dam by Lieut.-Col. Joseph Bailey, assisted by Lieut.-Col. M. B. Pearsall, and the rescuing of the Mississippi Squadron from its perilous position, form one of the most entertaining passages in this volume.

To follow understandingly a campaign of such magnitude, and of such a complex character, the aid of a military map is indispensable. Such a map the author has not given: a defect common to both volumes. The second volume has the additional defect of having no index. With these exceptions, which may be easily corrected in future editions, the volumes form a valuable addition to the history of the Civil War.

Dantescan Literature

1. *The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Translated by the Rev. Henry F. Cary. Together with Dante Gabriel Rossetti's Translation of the New Life; Edited with Introduction and Revised and Additional Notes by L. Oscar Kuhns. T. Y. Crowell & Co.* 2. *Dante at Ravenna. A Study by Catherine Mary Phillimore. London: Elliott Stock.* 3. *Dante's Ten Heavens. A Study of the Paradise. By Edmund G. Gardner. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.*

PROFESSOR KUHNS is of the opinion that "Cary's (1) is still the best poetical version of the 'Divine Comedy' in English," though why he should think so in the face of Longfellow's, Plumptre's, and other modern versions, aware as he must be of the many mistranslations of Cary, no one can imagine. In one respect Mr. Kuhns grants that Cary's book is "behind the times," and that is in the matter of the notes. Mr. Kuhns has recast Cary's notes, prefixed to the work an introduction, and Dante Rossetti's translation of the "Vita Nuova." All this, with a copious index, vastly enhances the usefulness of Cary's translation, which with all its limitations deserves honor for being the

first version to introduce the "Divine Comedy" to the English reading public in general. Some excellent views of Italian cities and other places actually illustrate as well as embellish the volume, which in other respects is quite unremarkable.

Miss Phillimore's work (2) is a conscientious though not minute nor erudite study of the Ravenna of Dante. She almost establishes that Dante, while residing there during his last days, was a professor of literature, or of rhetoric, and she points out that his red cassock indicates a doctorate. Mr. Gladstone's claim that Dante resided at one time at Oxford is eagerly appropriated. There is nothing to the contrary, any more than one can prove that Joseph of Arimathea did not go to England and found the Abbey of Glastonbury, or that Pontius Pilate did not wear out his life in penance among the Alps.

The most important and freshest part of this work is the concluding chapter, which gives a succinct and complete history of the tomb of Dante at Ravenna, and of the discovery of the bones of Dante in 1865. In this narrative Miss Phillimore follows closely the classic book of Ricci, "L'Ultimo Rifugio di Dante Alighieri." She has consulted also that most excellent of living authorities in matters Dantesque, Signor Passerini. Nowhere else as at Ravenna does the tradition of Dante pervade the atmosphere; the exarchs and even the great Empress Galla Placida are dead, but Dante still lives at Ravenna. Would that our author could have made more of that fact. Dante still lives at Ravenna as Napoleon lives on the banks of the Seine. Those two personalities are not yet spent forces. This is why "Dante at Ravenna" is a term of very special significance. There are some plates in the book, and what the author says may be relied upon as accurate. She writes for the general reader rather than for special students of Dante. Probably the "Paradiso" was written at Ravenna—whose Byzantine art, opulent, splendid, symbolic, and mystical, affected the imagination of the poet. The golden ground of the mosaics, the mighty angels in the misty domes, the ranks upon ranks of circling seraphs and of all the heavenly host, went to the picturing of the ten heavens of Dante's supreme song.

Mr. Gardner's (3) "Dante's Ten Heavens" is an interpretation in a current form of the "Paradiso" of Dante. The starting-point of Mr. Gardner's interpretation is that as the "Purgatorio" is an allegory of the real life of man upon earth, the "Paradiso" represents the ideal life, whether passed in action or contemplation." He adds that any reference to politics must be rejected from the scheme of the "Paradiso." This he forgets when he comes to treat of the Eagle that he saw in the heaven of Jupiter. Mr. Gardner is a Roman Catholic, and he is loyal to the schoolmen to whom he turns for light upon Dante. This fixes him in a position somewhat conservative. It is well to listen to Benvenuto da Imola and the author of the "Ottimo Commento," but why utterly reject Scartazzini and even Perez? Dante may have had ideas beyond his time. Indeed, Mr. Gardner hints that the Florentine poet was almost at the point of breaking away from the Ptolemaic idea of the universe. It remains true, however, that the plan of Dante's great poem is rigidly Ptolemaic. In the course of Mr. Gardner's interpretation he says many useful, though not many new things. In no place is he controversial. The unlearned reader might infer from reading this book and this alone that Dante's text is as easy to read as Watts's hymn-book. The author in his text quotes the "Divina Commedia" in the Italian, and usually gives Longfellow's version of the same in foot-notes. Like most English writers (Miss

Phillimore is no exception), he puts the adverb "only" in the wrong place.

When one considers the picturesqueness and splendor of Dante's "Paradiso," one cannot but marvel that Mr. Gardner has been able to "key down" his own style to the dulllest drab. He is superfluously dry in his diction. Only once or twice does the language of his theme induce Mr. Gardner to interpret Dante in Dantesque diction. One such instance occurs on page 51,—the Heaven of the Moon: "Within the eternal pearl of the Moon against the background of that strange, bright shining cloud, faint forms appear, like reflections in polished and transparent glass, or as seen through clear and shallow waters; dim, yet divinely glorious figures of beautiful women." Again, writing of the heaven of Jupiter, as Dante saw it, Mr. Gardner permits himself to say of those blessed souls, "instead of a vibration of the chords of the lute, they accompany the Eagle's song of their salvation by harmonies of celestial lights." These bursts of beauty are rare. Nevertheless Mr. Gardner's book is not without its usefulness. He cannot speak freely. In his chapter on "Veltro," he labors to clear Dante from anti-papal sentiments. Vain attempt! Dante was not an "infalliblist." He hated papal pretensions to temporal power, though he was a loyal churchman. One point in closing. Mr. Gardner makes clearer than any commentator that we have seen Dante's allusions to the prophet Jeremiah. No doubt Dante often in his own mind compared himself to St. John Baptist,—"the voice crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord,'"—and to the ancient Hebrew prophet whose Lamentations so closely expressed his own fortunes and feelings.

Recent Fiction

MR. WARMAN, like Mr. Bullen, has an interesting field practically to himself. We have recently had, to be sure, "The Short Line War," and not so very long ago a railroad novel, whose name we forget for the moment, was published by the Messrs. Lippincott, we believe, but on the whole he is master of his field, also in this sense, that he is a practical railroad man, as was abundantly illustrated in his "Story of the Railroad." We all remember the historic strike on the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, the stubbornness wherewith the strikers fought a hopeless battle, the outrages and crimes that hurt their cause in the eyes of the public, and the disregard of financial losses on the part of the officials and stockholders of the line, their unbroken front and perfect organization. It is this strike that forms the subject of "Snow on the Headlight."* Mr. Warman presents both sides with equal impartiality and thoroughness, and furnishes a clear explanation of the reasons that enabled organized capital to defeat organized labor. He contrasts the perfect order, the undivided authority, of the officials of the road, with the chaos that reigned in the ranks of the strikers, increasing as the days went on, complicated by the jealousies of leaders and would-be leaders, by treachery, misery, and hunger. Crimes were committed, but not on one side only, according to this book. The unscrupulous private detective was there, ready to furnish opportunities, to instigate violence, to manufacture evidence. No trick was left unplayed that could give an advantage, however unfair, to either side, and the outcome is known. Mr. Warman, as said above, is impartial, and draws no conclusions. He leaves

* "Snow on the Headlight." By Cy. Warman. D. Appleton & Co.

that to the reader, for in his preface he says: "Here is a decoy duck stuffed with oysters. The duck is mere fiction; the oysters are fact. If you find the duck wholesome, and the oysters hurt you, it is probably because you had a hand in the making of this bit of history and in the creation of these facts."

In the reading, however, the decoy duck of fiction and the oysters of fact become well mixed, and are far from unpleasant to the taste. Mr. Warman inclines towards the melodramatic, but in the misery of the poor there is nothing to soften the hardness of the outlines; with them, indeed, misfortunes never come alone. Therefore his climaxes have not the appearance of being overdrawn: they touch the reader's imagination and feelings for the moment, and that is all that can be asked. In addition to being a good story, the book is an exhaustive history of the greatest railroad strike this country has ever seen, or, we hope, will ever see. Mr. Warman's name may be accepted as a guarantee of this.

The tireless industry of Mr. Bangs has come to be used as a reproach against him. Why, we fail to see. It is possible that, if he were to write less, he might write better, but, then, he might not; and he certainly furnishes mild and reliable amusement to large numbers of readers—far larger than is admitted or known by many who claim to possess detailed information on such matters. We, for our part, know that the houseboat has this summer travelled from the Styx to many a veranda and hammock by the seashore and in the countryside, together with some of Mr. Bangs's other books. Whether his new book * will share in the popularity of several of its predecessors, is a question that we are not prepared to answer. Mr. Bangs here enters a new field—that of parody, and it were perhaps unkind to draw comparisons with the few masterpieces that we have unconsciously, and perhaps unjustly, accepted as our standard for work of this class. Again, parodies of Henry James and Mr. Howells are not calculated to attract the attention of the multitude, but on the other hand, there are parodies of Conan Doyle, Kipling, Richard Harding Davis, Barry, Mr. Dooley, Hall Caine, James Whitcomb Riley, and yellow-journal war correspondents. The parody on Mr. Howells's work, "The Overcoat, a Magazine Farce," is one of the best things in the book; that on Van Bibber the weakest—perhaps because Mr. Davis's stories of that tiresome youth are themselves too near unconscious burlesque to admit of further treatment in that manner. Kipling, of course, and Hall Caine, readily lend themselves to parody, and the former has been treated with unquestionable cleverness. Unhappily, Mr. Bangs has the fatal gift of facility. This book explains again the length of the list of his published works: he writes without effort, without taking pains. Hence the uniform quality of all he does. Maybe he could do much better if he were to make his own the old French device, *moins faire, mieux faire*. By this we do not mean that his book is not enjoyable, or without merit; on the contrary, parts of it are decidedly clever. We only wish that he would give us a surprise by doing something entirely above the uniform quality of what he has done thus far. Now, when a new book by him is published we know too well what to expect, and this, in the end, must harm an author's reputation. To quote again, *l'ennui naquit un jour de l'uniformité*.

Another prolific author is Mr. Robert W. Chambers. He has for several years now poured his books upon the market—short stories and novels—without ever getting beyond a certain stage of readableness, a

* "The Dreamers: A Club." By John Kendrick Bangs. Harper & Brothers.

well-defined, and none too high, standard of merit. "Outsiders"* has come at the right moment, when New York in fiction, past and future, is being discussed in all its aspects and possibilities. But, unhappily, it is a sore disappointment. One wonders at the fact that this is the product of an author who certainly has been successful commercially, and of a man who must know New York well. This is, indeed, what the sub-title calls it, "An Outline." The originals of Mr. Chambers's characters in the publishing and literary world of New York, and its "Bohemia," we need not seek: it would be unprofitable to do so, for most of them, it seems to us, are purely creatures of his imagination. An occasional descriptive passage in the book pleases us, and the author knows how to tell us of the summer heat in this great city. "Outsiders" is not a bad story: it stands with the other novels from the same pen. But as the first of a "trifology of novels of New York life"—as such, we believe, it was announced—it is unsatisfactory, without substance, a mere "outline" that is fantastic rather than true to facts.

The London criminal has changed from the days of Bill Sykes. He has grown less brutal, craftier, more resourceful: in crime as in science and civilization the world has advanced. Alf, the young "Hooligan" whose acquaintance Mr. Rook made, and exploited in this book,† is an interesting type of a despicable class. He is fascinating with the unwholesome attractiveness that the criminal's ways often have for honest people. Honor he has none; "honor among thieves" is a myth. He will rob the pal that has helped him to rob the wayfarer; he will stoop to the lowest tricks to gain his unlawful end; he will do everything but commit murder—a short "stretch" in prison is preferable. Only when he has become a notorious criminal, with a long record of convictions behind him, will he have resource to this, for then capture will mean imprisonment for the remainder of his days. Alf was born in the slums, and brought up there by his stepfather, an acrobat who was also a thief and taught him the rudiments of crime. He started in life by a clever piece of sneak-thieving, and proceeded through Saturday-night robberies in the East-end, pocket-picking, and many other minor offenses towards burglary—the ideal of all youthful criminals. This made him "class." In the course of their conversations, Mr. Rook learned much about the methods of thieves, and he tells it all for the benefit of the reader, who will be astonished by the wide range of his information, the ingeniousness of many of these tricks, the simplicity of others, and the utter, unfathomable moral callousness that underlies them all. Theft is a science, and a long apprenticeship is required. Alf served his with profit to himself, and not without pleasure. For the criminal's life is not a hard one—far from it. Alf's experiences refute the statistics that show how small are the wages of sin. He toils not, neither does he spin; his gains are greater than those put within his reach by honest labor, and he knows it well. His profession is systematized, confederates make the chances of detection small, and the "fence" (mostly a retired burglar) always stands ready for a trade. Alf does not drink: he must keep his head clear. In emergencies he relies upon the fleetness of his feet, not upon weapons or brute strength. He is, however, a boxer as well as a "rough-and-tumble" fighter when he must, and not the least interesting of Mr. Rook's chapters is devoted to a night of prize fights in an East-end public-house. Women confederates Alf does not want, except in a few cases, when he robbed them of their share of the spoils. Drugging

* "Outsiders." By R. W. Chambers. F. A. Stokes Co.

† "The Hooligan Nights." Edited by Clarence Rook. Henry Holt & Co.

people's liquor, too, is something he does not believe in. In fact, he declares that it is never done in London: drugged cigars and cigarettes there take the place of our own famous "knock-out drops."

"The Hooligan Nights" is unquestionably readable from first page to last. It gives the reader an insight into the ways of criminals that may be of service to him; it certainly will show him why the reformer in the slums finds the battle with crime so hard and long.

"The Sacrifice of Silence" * represents M. Rod's fiction much better than does "Pastor Naudié's Young Wife." It deals with a phase of life which interests French novelists above all others, a phase that in some shape or other forms the subject of most of M. Rod's novels. Silence in these circumstances is, of course, the man's first duty; perjury comes next, when, unhappily, silence has availed nothing. It is of this sacrifice of silence that M. Rod writes, and the interest of his story lies principally in the fact that he never explains to his readers what are the true relations between his hero, a naval officer, and his heroine, a woman with two children and a brutal husband. The situation becomes more delicately psychological, however, in the second story in the volume, "M. de Sourbelle's Love Tragedy," in which the man and the woman have taken the fatal step, and are face to face with the irreparable, ostracized by the world, hiding under a cloak of silence the disenchantment that has turned the fruits of love and passion to ashes upon their lips. Here the drama is played within limits that are almost elemental. The world no longer looks on; it no more requires the sacrifice. They are alone, these two, in all the wide world, and this forbearing sacrifice of silence, with its element of fateful necessity, is made the greater by the fact. Questions of this kind have but an exotic interest for us; our sympathy with them is purely intellectual. M. Rod certainly makes the most of his material. He puts it in a new light, presents a new side of the question which by much handling by French writers has lost the greater part of its not over-healthy freshness.

Mme. Ratazzi's "La Petite Reine" † is, of course, an account of the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, and, incidentally, a description of those parts of the country that the author saw—Amsterdam, Rotterdam, The Hague, Scheveningen, and Dordrecht. All travellers agree more or less in their remarks about Holland; Mme. Ratazzi enlivens her pages with some clever descriptions of the people, whom she seems to have studied very closely. For this reason, her book has more than a passing interest, though it does not claim to be more than a collection of notes of two rather hurried, and certainly very busy, flying trips to the land behind the dykes. The coronation of the "little" Queen, who is in no way little, has been sufficiently described perhaps; Mme. Ratazzi's account of it has new color and life. She has a happy and sure touch. The illustrations aid in making this an attractive little souvenir of a memorable event.

Recent Verse

THE light of the preservative amethyst flashes through this chalice of a poet's first libation of verse; for, though Mr. Markham has for several years been a contributor of excellent poetry to various magazines, the present volume is the first collection of his work in book

* "The Sacrifice of Silence." By Edouard Rod. G. W. Dillingham Co.

† "La Petite Reine." By Madame Ratazzi. Meyer Bros. & Co.

form. The amethystine hue even lies upon the book's brief dedication: "To Edmund Clarence Stedman, First to Hail and Caution Me." Not only from this little word "caution" are we assured that Mr. Markham is proof against the intoxication induced by the new wine of a sudden one-poem success (we refer to the widely read, much discussed "Man with the Hoe,"* which names the present volume), but there is a touch in almost all this poet's verse which seems to say that he will not rest in the day's achievement and current tribute thereto, but will press on toward finalities of his own exacting ideals.

"The Muses wrapped in mysteries of light
Came in a rush of music on the night;
And I was lifted wildly on quick wings,
And borne away into the deep of things.
The dead doors of my being broke apart;
A wind of rapture blew across the heart;
The inward song of worlds rang still and clear;
I felt the Mystery the Muses fear;
Yet they went swiftening on the ways untrod,
And hurled me breathless at the feet of God."

He is absorbed with the revelation which has thus come to him along "The Whirlwind Road," which Plato's poet must ever travel; and yet, the issues of earth and human inequalities pluck him back, and he counsels,

"Take down the trumpet and confront the Hour,
And speak to toil-worn nations from a tower—
Take down the horn wherein the thunders sleep;
Blow battles into men—call down the fire—
The daring, the long purpose, the desire. . . .
Send forth thy spirit in a storm of song,
A tempest flinging fire upon the wrong."

It is the passion of his heart, seemingly, to build the new, "the glad fraternal State"; and he calls upon the spirit of Shelley—a kindred dreamer—to be a present helper. It is not our province to prophesy as regards the humanitarian side of the Muse's errand; but we wish to say that in the realm of pure poetic art no recent volume of native verse has brought us so much of pleasure, or suggested so much of affluent promise. We close with a little poem great in its totality of spiritual vision and its summarization of all that lies within finite ken.

THE TRAGEDY

"Oh, the fret of the brain,
And the wounds and the worry;
Oh, the thought of love and the thought of death—
And the soul in its silent hurry.
"But the stars break above
And the fields flower under;
And the tragical life of man goes on,
Surrounded by beauty and wonder."

As the glow of the occident has touched the verse of Edwin Markham, who sings to us from regions

"Where the sea without shore is, and sad, if at all, with the fulness of joy,"

so the sun of the south (America's *Midi*) has shone upon the many-colored west of Mr. Cawein's fancy, as unfolded in his "Myth and Romance."† Here are poems containing the seeds of true poetic fire, and others that are, as it were, touched with mere phosphorescent vapor

* "The Man with The Hoe." By Edwin Markham. Doubleday & McClure Co.
† "Myth and Romance." By Madison Cawein. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

of light, totally without warmth, though strenuous with assertions of ardor. Mr. Cawein's intensity is, to us, the most illusory when his theme is the tender passion, as when, for instance, he inquires,

"Yet when her eyes gaze into mine, and when
Her lips to mine are pressed,—
Why are my veins all fire then? and then
Why should her soul suggest
Voluptuous perfumes, maddening unto men
And prurient with unrest?"

The reader is fain to reply interrogatively to such banal sentiment, "Why, indeed?" Nor would that same reader undertake to estimate "how much sweet hell" the poet might extract from the kiss of his sweetheart—(a speculation in which he indulges in a poem entitled "Restraint"). Mr. Cawein is at his best when apostrophizing, in some stately measure of his own devising, the powers of Day and Night, of Tempest or of Calm, or in often truly dithyrambic ascription to Desire, or to Music. From such a poem we quote,

"Thou, oh thou!
Thou of the chorded shell and golden plectrum! thou
Of the dark eyes and pale pacific brow!
Music, who by the plangent waves,
Or on God's mountains, lonely as the stars,
Touchest reverberant bars
Of immemorial sorrow and amaze."

It is not in our heart to quarrel with a young poet because he has amassed a great wealth of glittering diction—some of it perhaps spurious,—for time will teach him a chaster use of the same, if the acolyte be favored by Apollo, as we feel sure is the case with the author of "Myth and Romance." To this gift of the grandiose which our poet bears, is added a happy faculty in vivid description of familiar things and the everyday aspects of Nature: for instance, the dragon-fly is seen passing between the lakeside grasses "like splintered diamond," and

"Great water-carrier winds their buckets bring
Brimming with freshness";

and again

"A gray cool stain, like dawn's own atmosphere,
The dim wild-carrot lifts its crumpled crest."

The sensuous delight in Nature, which the true poet always feels, breathes also from the pages of Alice Archer Sewall's volume of verse. In proof of this exquisite feeling, we would like to quote entire the poem "Moonlight" and "The Elm-Tree." From the former, however, we can only cite,

"Oh, wanderer in the wet and tangled woods,
Or over far high fields of long-white grass,
That have no horizons, but melt in floods
Of stars and dim pulsations; come and pass
Through your eternal yearnings and desire";

and, from the second-named poem, the following lines, tenderly embodying the tenderness of a tree toward all its sheltering creatures:

"The dew and the dark of the heavens it holds
In its leafy folds,
And bears like a mother the little birds,
And says soft words
To the young oxen standing below,
With their wide faces,—
In their stamped places,
Standing below."

The more ambitious work, the initial poem, which gives title to the book, "Girlhood: An Ode,"* attracts us somewhat less than does a delicate lyric like "The White Rose," whereof the last stanza is the crowning delicacy:

"Thy perfume, little rose, ah me,
How shall I liken it to love?
Who has not known it cannot see
It is the very ache thereof."

Fifty sonnets, the theme of which is now love in the abstract, and now its concrete image, make up the contents of the little volume before us. The "Silence of Love"† with its sonnet-key unlocks the writer's heart, frankly enough, to all save the adored object, unless such revelation is made and echoed, in the thirty-ninth number,

"Once, as I gazed at thee, methought there came
Into thine eyes a gleam of love's own light;
Was it reflected from my passion's flame,
Or was it sunshine from thy heaven's blue height?"

We are made to understand that some "stern mandate" holds apart the lives of the otherwise heart-elect ones; to which mandate there is, however, on the part of the poet, resignation, or recognition of the spiritual discipline thereby gained. In other words,

"Love were not love, if it could win its prize;
Love were not love, if it could reach its goal;
Love were not love, if in the loved one's eyes
It could not find unfathomed depths of soul."

Summarized, we have here fifty sonnets faultless in form, the sentiment often nobly austere,—but the whole impressing us with a strange lack of the realism of passion.

Before saluting this prince of the realm of song, whose speech is an alien tongue to our own, we are moved, for once at least, to render a most grateful recognition of the high gifts of the interpreter, who has apparently conveyed, without diminution or alteration, the "wealth of imagery, the depth of thought, and the subtlety of expression" to be met with in the work of Emile Verhaeren, the magical lyrist of the Flemish plains. The selections, so admirably rendered by Alma Strettel in the present collection,‡ are taken from three of Verhaeren's volumes of verse (it seems he has already, although still a young man, published eleven!). The very titles of these books are fascinatingly suggestive: "Les Villages Illusoires," "Les Heures Claires," and "Les Apparatus dans Mes Chemins." The landscape efforts of any current word-painter seem to us to pale before the marvellous effects produced by a mere stroke of Verhaeren's pen, whether he describes the rain with its "nails of gray," as it "rakes the green window pane"; the "long rain of these lands of long ago" (his native Belgium); the "coils of drowned hay" as they drift on the rising flood; or the crosses in the churchyard that

"Fall prone on the sod,
Like some great flight of black, in the acre of God,"

while the wind of November searches everywhere—searches the birds' nests, "To bite them and grind." We are made to feel the culminating and haunting desolation of vast heath-lands, terrorized by the nameless soul of the place, as in the poem of "The Silence":

* "An Ode to Girlhood," etc. By Alice Archer Sewall. Harper & Bros.
† "The Silence of Love." By Edmond Holmes. John Lane.
‡ Poems of Emile Verhaeren. Edited by Alma Strettel. John Lane.

"Since the last bolt that scored the earth aslant,
 Nothing has pierced the Silence dominant.
 Of those who cross Its vast immensity,
 Whether at twilight or at dawn it be,
 There is not one but feels
 The dread of the Unknown, that It instils.

All the leaves listen upon all the bushes,
 And the incendiary sunset hushes
 Before its face his cries of brandished light."

We could wish that the present translator would give us another volume selected from the verse of Verhaeren, and that the second volume should contain liberal illustrations of the "tender, hopeful mysticism" ascribed to the poet, and suggested here in the poem, "She of the Garden," of which divinity we read,

"The childhood of her eyes disclosed a silence
 More sweet than speech."

"Literary Likings"

By Richard Burton. Copeland & Day.

MR. BURTON is built on a generous plan. He does not scrimp himself either in ideas or in vocabulary. His guardianship of letters, which is at once rollicking and vigilant, might be characterized as of the St. Bernard type—a very young St. Bernard. There is in the development of that noble animal, it may be remembered, a stage when feet and spirit are more in evidence than dignity or impressiveness. The essays which Mr. Burton has gathered together under the head of "Literary Likings" have, if one may venture to say it, a certain bigness and awkwardness and magnificence and promise not altogether unlike those of the youthful St. Bernard. One smiles at the gambols,—respectfully,—overshadowed always by a sense of something greater than appears, a suggestion of reserve power and growing sinew. To drop the figure, Mr. Burton's style is likely, one would say, to impress the average reader as possessing more of exuberance and promise than of dignity.

It is something of a comfort to have Mr. Burton's sanction in assuming that criticism should concern itself not only with the thing said, but also, and more especially, with the author's way of saying it. "The essay," he tells us, "is a severe test. Character speaks in and through it; the deepest and most winsome of a man comes out often in an essay; he invites you into a confidential, quiet-furnished corner of his soul, there to listen to a conversation that is at once colloquial and confessional. And style, manner, is to the essay what water is to the fish: an element native to its progress. When talking of the essay it is inevitable to consider an author's way of saying things."

The most obvious comment to pass on Mr. Burton's way of saying things connects itself with the question of vocabulary. Not only is his vocabulary rich in words already at home in the English language, but one has assurance that in emergency he would not hesitate to add to existing resources: "even if it be a brand-new creation, something that never was on sea or land, it will not be illegitimate or unacceptable necessarily; not at all. . . . But the occasion must demand it and the man on hand be large enough to furnish it." Whether or not he assumes that the man at hand is large enough to furnish it, Mr. Burton has extended his vocabulary far beyond the point at which the average reader must cry halt. Most of us, for instance, do not carry

about, for daily use, the majority of the words in the following list, taken somewhat at random from the pages of "Literary Likings": denotements, pornographic, affixion, fantasticality, evocative, revelatory, derivational, disestimation, unsophisticate, intellectuals, avowment, obscuration, joyance, classicalities, devolution, delightful, fictional, fictionist, stylistic, preachments, realer, realest, pessimistically, commensals. The effect of these words upon the reader, it may be said, is not one of vagueness or obscurity, nor yet of nicety in choice, but rather a sense of effort, an attempt on the part of the writer to furnish the unusual, the paradoxical, or bizarre. The meaning of each sentence is obvious, the means sometimes too obvious. The subtle skill that chooses the right word by instinct, matches it to another with unerring eye for color, and blends the whole at last in the final solution of style, is not here. One may admire Mr. Burton's work for dexterity and device rather than for style. Sometimes, indeed, the device leaves one just this side of admiration, as when he "dubiously decides," or "dubs in dubious fashion," or brings in "dubious dates," or cites a novel as "daring and drastic," or rails at "faddish fashions" and "gracious gains," or forces upon us "the centripetal pull of this most popular activity," or talks of "adventure story" and "stylistic distinction" and the "chance jostle of the social plexus," or when he assures us that "a series of delicate, deadly slights and innuendoes hounds her down to the grave," and that this remark "puts us on the truth." It is touches like these that lead the reader to doubt, respectfully, whether Mr. Burton possesses altogether what he himself would call "stylistic distinction."

It is a subtle question, that of style. May one's vocabulary bristle with "lop-sided and finicky" words, "smack of British worship" across "the big pond," "bear down on the fact" with "dialectical differentiation," and yet retain the right to be classed as good style? We may have, as Mr. Burton would say, "a sneaking sympathy" for the author who "indulges in that perilous pleasure, a cock-sure judgment," without unreservedly admitting him to be "startlingly felicitous as a coiner of word and phrase."

The things Mr. Burton has to say are infinitely more worthy, one may easily hazard, than the way he has of saying them. The table of contents, hinting at "Robert Louis Stevenson," "The Democratic and Aristocratic in Literature," "The Predominance of the Novel," "Ideals in American Literature," "Women in Old English Poetry"—to select a few from the list—is only faintly indicative of the vigor of thought for which the book as a whole stands.

"Masks and Mummings"

By Charles Frederic Nirdlinger. The DeWitt Publishing House.

MR. NIRDLINGER is inclined to be iconoclastic, and he revels in paradox, but between these extremes of expression he manages to give voice to much that many of us have been thinking for the last two or three theatrical seasons, and adds much suggestion for future contemplation. He holds—and we believe that the opinion is spreading among different kinds of people—that acting is not an art at all. He chooses to prove his thesis by the aid of a paradox, whose obverse he thereby offers to his opponents as a weapon to combat him, but he is undoubtedly sincere; and we are ready to agree with him in so far as to state that ninety-nine per cent. of the acting seen on our stage to-day has nothing whatever to do with art—either emotionally or

intellectually or technically; and we may add that we need not take our youth to American theatres to teach them good English, good manners, or good morals. In pronunciation we have set before us a choice that ranges from imitation English to the New England twang; in manners we have seen nothing more fascinating than the Vicomte in an unsavory French farce, whose favorite attitude is struck by unbuttoning his frock coat and sticking his right hand in his hip-pocket; while as for morals—we can at least lay the unction to our souls that they are all imported from London and Paris.

Mr. Nirdlinger is perhaps unnecessarily forcible in his denunciation of the degrading shows that have filled nearly all our playhouses of recent years; but let the righteousness of his indignation be the excuse for his vituperation. He also approaches the undeniable fact that it is our women who make these ventures profitable. The Lounger pointed this out in these pages some months ago. And apropos of Mr. Nirdlinger's claim that "the play 's the thing," not the player, we venture to differ from him, and to assert that it 's neither. "The Turtle" is the thing, and "The Conquerors," and "Mlle. Fifi," and "Zaza," upon the last one of which, by the way, Mr. Nirdlinger empties the vials of his wrath with a lavish hand. The play was not the thing when Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy"—the best play ever written by an American—failed to win public approval; and "Cyrano" is but the exception that proves the rule. Besides, other causes went to the making of its success.

The majority of the "patrons of the drama" are steeped in a sordid materialism. They overdress, they prepare for their intellectual pleasure at the playhouse by over-eating and over-drinking; and when they take their seats they want to "shout with glee." They do not want to exercise their brains—these are torpid like their bodies. Wit will not please them: that requires, unhappily, too much thinking for the mass. So they have vulgarity, which is the measure of most of them, and more or less unveiled moral rottenness, which for these vulgarians has the attraction of novelty. It amuses them, but does not corrupt them very much—at least not yet. And, strangest of all, our daughters go to see abominations imported from Paris, where the young girl is carefully shielded against their foulness.

There are, of course, exceptions, and their paucity makes them the more observable. The majority of our actresses, however,—even well-known "leading ladies,"—are contented to score successes in parts that leave nothing to be surmised—thanks to the text and the stage manager. And, as a people has the government it deserves to have, so have audiences plays that are adapted to their taste and intellectual stature. The educational value of the drama is a beautiful theory, but out on the condition that confronts us!

Little has been said in these paragraphs regarding Mr. Nirdlinger's book, yet we have not wandered so far from our text as the reader might suppose. His book is entertaining, while serious of purpose, able as well as amusing, and shows a thorough knowledge on its author's part of the drama and the stage. It is a timely counterblast: will it avail?

"Among My Books"

By Augustine Birrell, et al. Longmans, Green, & Co.

THIS volume of short essays from *Literature* makes an admirable practical guide to the Gentle Art of Babbling. The art is one at which

English authors have hitherto been less skilful than their rivals across the channel; the air of the London drawing-room has not usually been regarded as so favorable to gracefully witty and significant small-talk as the thinner, more crystalline atmosphere of the Paris *salon*. The Briton has often been esteemed more skilful at haranguing or declaiming or demonstrating or preaching than at gossiping with distinction. Not that he is stolid or dull or obtuse, but his earnestness has often been his ruin. So the gods make of our pleasant virtues instruments to plague us. All the more welcome is this book of unconsidered tittle-tattle where men and women of repute, from Ian MacLaren to Vernon Lee, experiment at saying not much of anything delightfully. Nor is there aught of the awkwardness of the first attempt in these airy triflings. Everyone knows the story of the German professor who was found alone in a wintry room industriously turning handsprings over tables and who when questioned explained that he had been reproached with dullness and was trying *se faire vif*. Of such resolute effort after frivolity this volume shows scarcely a trace. The lightness of touch and the swiftness of gyration in the play with ideas have all the charm of nature, and the veriest don does his intellectual gymnastics as if to the manner born.

Perhaps the writers who are most thoroughly masters of this sort of essay are Messrs. Birrell, Lang, Gosse, and Dobson. Mr. Lang's exquisite faculty of always seeming to say something worth while, has long been familiar to wide circles of admiring readers; his present essay is a charming little pasquinade at the expense of writers of history. Accuracy in history, Mr. Lang seems to contend, is a fond delusion; the best things in this sort are but deceitful shadows. The historian is merely a prosy pedant,—a barren chronicler,—or else a decorative falsifier. The thought is a novel one, and is enforced with much pleasant anecdote and learned illustration. Mr. Dobson's contribution to our volume is an amusing sketch of a burlesque story written near the beginning of the present century. Everyone knows that as regards knowledge of the eighteenth century and of the early nineteenth century Mr. Dobson's mind is a perfect nest of spicery. His account of the pseudo-romantic adventures of the fair-haired Cherubina has all the charm that his Queen Anne vignettes have accustomed us to in his verse. Ian MacLaren discourses on the dangers of realism and naturalism. Perhaps the most original part of his essay is the argument against "ugliness in fiction," based on the indubitable principle that the duty of the sculptor is to create beauty in marble. It is hard, however, to avoid the suspicion that this argument is beside the bonnie point, when one recalls Lessing's "Laocoön" and its laborious effort to show that the functions of sculpture and painting and poetry are radically unlike. John Oliver Hobbes deals with this same problem of naturalism and through the help of a dialogue walks all around Flaubert and George Sand and winds up with "Tristan and Isolde." Her discussion is a very pretty imaginary conversation and will set up a good deal of healthy irritation in the minds of thoughtful readers. Vernon Lee in her talk about "Keys to the Universe" is perhaps hardly at her best. When one has puzzled out her metaphorical phrasing one is apt to say, as Carlyle said after reading Hegel, that one has often enough been over this road before, but never with a chain and ball at one's ankle. Other essays in this volume are by Mr. Leslie Stephen, who contributes a delightfully suggestive talk on the undesirability of literary immortality, and also a sublimated Penny Dreadful cleverly manufactured out of a famous

eighteenth-century murder trial; reminiscences of Lewis Carroll by Lionel Tollemache; a brilliantly written discussion of American histories by Professor Goldwin Smith; and Thoughts on Style by Professor Mahaffy. In good sooth, "here is God's plenty"; everyone may find small-talk to suit his idiosyncrasy. The volume is an ideal Book for a Corner.

Publications Received

Biography and History

- Barrett, Hon. John. Admiral Dewey. \$1.25.
 Becke and Jeffrey. Admiral Phillip. (Builders of Great Britain.)
 Brandes, George. William Shakespeare: A Critical Study. \$2.60.
 Byron, Lord. The Works of. (Letters and Journals, Vol. III.) \$2.
 Clayton, Victoria V. White and Black; Under the Old Régime. \$1.
 Coghill, Mrs. Harry. Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant. \$3.50.
 Colby, Frank Moore. Outlines of General History. \$1.50.
 Creighton, Mandell. Queen Elizabeth. \$1.50.
 Davis, Capt. C. H. Rear-Admiral C. H. Davis. \$3.
 Denio, Elis. H. Nicholas Poussin, His Life and Work. \$3.50.
 Gronow, Capt., Reminiscences and Recollections of. 2 vols. \$4.
 Haldane, E. S. Jas. Fredk. Ferrier. 75c.
 Hedeman, Robespierre and the Red Terror. (From Dr. Jan Ten Brink.)
 Homans, James E. Farragut, Porter, and Dewey. \$1.
 Home, Jas. (Ed. by). Lady Louisa Stuart.
 Huret, Jules. Sarah Bernhardt.
 Johnson, Rossiter. The Hero of Manila. \$1.
 Knowles, Frederic Lawrence. A Kipling Primer. \$1.25.
 Munger, T. T. Horace Bushnell. \$2.
 Narfon, Julien de. Pope Leo XIII. (Trans. by G. A. Raper.)
 Plutarch's Lives. (Englished by Sir Thos. North.) Vol. IX. 50c.
 Saint-Amand, Imbert de. France and Italy. (Trans. by Elizabeth G. Martin.) \$1.50.
 Saintsbury, George. Matthew Arnold. \$1.25.
 Simpson, E. B. Edinburgh Days of Robert Louis Stevenson. \$2.50.
 Stevenson, Sara York. Maximilian in Mexico.
 Thompson, Rev. H. L. Dr. H. G. Liddell.
 Williamston, G. C. Bernardino Luini. (Great Masters.) \$1.75.
- Harper & Bros.
 Longmans, Green & Co.
 The Macmillan Co.
 Imp. by Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 The Young Churchman Co.
 Dodd, Mead & Co.
 American Book Co.
 Longmans, Green & Co.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Imp. by Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 Imp. by Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 J. B. Lippincott Co.
 James T. White & Co.
 Harper & Bros.
 J. B. Lippincott Co.
 D. Appleton & Co.
 Brown & Co.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 J. B. Lippincott Co.
 Macmillan Co.
 Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 Dodd, Mead & Co.
 Imp. by Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 Century Co.
 Henry Holt & Co.
 Geo. Bell & Sons.

Fiction

- Alger, Horatio, Jr. Rupert's Ambition.
 Baron, Grace Le. Told under the Cherry Trees. \$1.
 Benson, E. F. Mammion & Co. \$1.50.
 Besant, Walter. The Orange Girl. \$1.50.
 Brady, Jasper Ewing. Tales of the Telegraph. \$1.25.
 Brun, Samuel Jacques. Tales of Languedoc.
 Castle, Egerton. Young April. \$1.50.
 Cobb, Thos. Mr. Passingham.
 Crane, Stephen. Active Service. \$1.25.
 Crockett, S. R. Ione March. \$1.50.
 Crockett, S. R. Kilt Kennedy. \$1.50.
 Dickens, Chas. Posthumous Papers of Pickwick Club. (New Century Lib.)
 Douglas, Amanda M. The Heir of Sherburne. \$1.50.
 Dumas, Alex. Les Deux Rois.
 Eliot, George. Middlemarch. 2 vols. \$2.50.
 Field, Caroline Leslie. Nannie's Happy Childhood. \$1.
 Fiske, John. Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America. 2 vols. \$4.
 Flynt, Josiah. Tramping with Tramps.
 Forbes, John M., Letters and Recollections of. (Ed. by Sarah Forbes Hughes.) 2 vols. \$2.
 Ford, Paul L. Janice Meredith.
 Frisbie, F. D. Sir Tommy.
 Garland, Hamlin. Main-Travelled Roads. \$1.50.
 Hall, Ruth. The Boys of Scooby. \$1.50.
 Hamblen, Herbert E. The Vase of a Bucko Mate. \$1.50.
 Harris, Joel Chandler. Plantation Pageants. \$2.
 Harris, Joel Chandler. The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann. \$1.50.
 Henty, G. A. No Surrender! \$1.50.
 Henty, G. A. A Roving Commission. \$1.50.
 Henty, G. A. Won by the Sword. \$1.50.
 Hewlett, Maurice. Little Novels of Italy. \$1.50.
 Hillegas, Howard C. Oom Paul's People. \$1.50.
 Hill, John Alex. Stories of the Railroad. \$1.50.
 Holmes, Mrs. Mary J. The Tracy Diamonds.
 Hope, Anthony. The King's Mirror. \$1.50.
 Howard, Blanche W. Dionysius the Weaver's Heart's Dearest. \$1.50.
 Hyne, C. J. C. Honor of Thieves. \$1.25.
 Ireland, Howard. A Green Mariner. \$1.25.
- Henry T. Coates & Co.
 Lee & Shepard.
 D. Appleton & Co.
 Dodd, Mead & Co.
 Doubleday & McClure Co.
 Macmillan Co.
 Macmillan Co.
 John Lane.
 F. A. Stokes Co.
 Dodd, Mead & Co.
 Harper & Bros.
 Thos. Nelson & Sons.
 Dodd, Mead & Co.
 Longmans, Green & Co.
 T. Y. Crowell & Co.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 The Century Co.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Dodd, Mead & Co.
 The Circuit Press.
 Macmillan Co.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 Macmillan Co.
 D. Appleton & Co.
 Doubleday & McClure Co.
 G. W. Dillingham Co.
 D. Appleton & Co.
 Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 R. F. Fenno & Co.
 J. B. Lippincott Co.

- King, William Harvey. *My Smoking Room Companions.* \$1.00.
 Kingale, Henry. *The Works of.* 12 vols. \$15.
 Kipling, Rudyard. *Stalky & Co.* \$1.50.
 Lee, Albert. *He, She and They.* \$1.
 Lynch, Hannah. *Autobiography of a Child.* \$1.50.
 Lynde, Francis. *The Helpers.* \$1.50.
 MacGrath, Harold. *Arms and the Woman.* \$1.25.
 Malot, Hector. *Sans Famille.* (Ed. by I. H. B. Spiers.) 40c.
 Masop, A. E. W. *Miranda of the Balcony.* \$1.50.
 Mathews, Frances Aymar. *A Married Man.* \$1.25.
 May, Sophie. *Wee Lucy's Secret.* 75c.
 Meldrum, David S. *Holland and the Hollanders.* \$2.
 Moore, F. Frankfort. *Well, After All.* \$1.50.
 Muller, F. Max. *Auld Lang Syne.* \$2.
 Munroe, Kirk. *"Forward March!"* \$1.25.
 Optic, Oliver. *An Undivided Union.* \$1.50.
 Patterson, Virginia S. *Dickey Downey.*
 Pollock and Maitland. *The Etchingham Letters.* \$1.25.
 Robertson, Morgan. *"Where Angels Fear to Tread."*
 Rutherford, Mark. *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane.* (Ed. by Reuben Shapcott.) \$1.50.
 Sawyer, Walter L. *A Local Habitation.* \$1.25.
 Scott, Walter. *Waverly Novels.* (Temple edition.) 7 vols. 80c. each.
 Sherwood, Margaret. *Henry Worthington.* \$1.50.
 Shiel, M. P. *The Yellow Danger.* \$1.
 Smith, Nora A. *Under the Cactus Flag.* \$1.25.
 Stimpson, H. B. *The Tory Maid.* \$1.
 Stimson, F. J. *King Noanett.* \$1.
 Stockton, F. R. *The Vixen of the Two-Horned Alexander.*
 Stratemeyer, Edw. *To Alaska for Gold.* \$1.
 Stratemeyer, Edw. *Under Oita in the Philippines.* (Old Glory Series.)
 Stuart, Eleanor. *Averages.* \$1.50.
 Tomlinson, Everett T. *A Jersey Boy in the Revolution.* \$1.50.
 Tomlinson, Everett T. *Ward Hill at College.*
 Tondouze, Gustave. *Madame Lambelle.* (French.) 60c.
 Warden, Florence. *The House in the Hills.* \$1.
 Wilkins, Mary E. *The Jamesons.* 50c.
 Wise, John S. *Diomed.* \$2.
 Zack. *On Trial.* \$1.50.
 Thos. Whittaker.
 Longmans, Green & Co.
 Doubleday & McClure Co.
 Harper & Bros.
 Dodd, Mead & Co.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Doubleday & McClure Co.
 Heath & Co.
 The Macmillan Co.
 Rand, McNally & Co.
 Lee & Shepard.
 Dodd, Mead & Co.
 Dodd, Mead & Co.
 Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 Harper & Bros.
 Lee & Shepard.
 A. J. Rowland.
 Dodd, Mead & Co.
 Century Co.
 Dodd, Mead & Co.
 Small, Maynard & Co.
 Imp. by Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 Macmillan Co.
 R. F. Fenn & Co.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Dodd, Mead & Co.
 Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 Century Co.
 Lee & Shepard.
 Lee & Shepard.
 D. Appleton & Co.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 A. J. Rowland.
 Wm. R. Jenkins.
 R. F. Fenn & Co.
 Doubleday & McClure Co.
 Macmillan Co.
 Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Miscellaneous

- Atherton, E. H. *Cæsar and Pompey in Greece.*
 Baker, Ray S. *The Boy's Book of Inventions.* \$2.
 Balzac, Honoré de. *Personal Opinions of.* \$1.50.
 Bergen, Fanny D. (Ed.). *Animal and Plant Lore.* \$3.50.
 Bradford, Amory H. *The Holy Family.*
 Bruce, T., Ed. by. *Views of the American Press on the Philippines.* 50c.
 Buck and Woodbridge. *A Course in Expository Writing.* \$1.
 Buckley, J. M. *Christian Science and other Superstitions.*
 Callahan, James M. *Cuba and International Relations.*
 Carlyle, Thomas. *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, Vol. III.* \$1.25.
 Conn, H. W. *The Story of the Living Machine.*
 Conway, Moncure D. *Solomon and Solomon's Literature.* \$1.50.
 Du Bois, W. E. B. *The Philadelphia Negro.* (No. 14, Univ. Pa.)
 Eliot and Storer's *Qualitative Chemical Analysis.* (Revised)
 Emerson, Ralph Waldo. *Letters from, 1836-1853.* (Ed. by Chas. E. Norton.) \$1.
 Engelhardt, Alex. P. *A Russian Province of the North.* (Trans. by Henry Cook.)
 Euripides, Hippolytus. (Ed. by J. E. Harry.)
 Gayley and Scott. *An Introduction to the Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism.* Ginn & Co.
 Gibson, Chas. Dana. *Sketches in Egypt.* \$3 net.
 Graded Literature Readers. (First Book.)
 Greenough, D'Ooge, and Daniell. *Second Year Latin.* \$1.40.
 Homer's *Iliad.* Books XIX-XXIV. (Ed. by Edw. B. Clapp.)
 Hopkins, Tighe. *An Idler in Old France.* \$2.
 Hyde, Wm. De Witt. *God's Education of Man.* \$1.25.
 Ireland, Alleyne. *Tropical Colonization.* \$2.
 Jefferson, Thomas. *Writings of.* (Coll. and ed. by P. L. Ford.) Vol. X., 1816-1826. \$5.
 Kirk, Robt. C. *Twelve Months in Klondike.*
 Lee, Guy Carleton. *Principles of Public Speaking.* \$1.75.
 Longmans' *First Conversational French Reader.* By T. H. Bertenshaw. 50c.
 Longmans' *First Latin Reading Book and Grammar.* By H. R. Heatley. 40c.
 Lowrie, Walter. *The Doctrine of St. John.* \$1.50.
 Luther's *Schriften.* (German.) By W. H. Carruth.
 Mabie, Hamilton W. *The Life of the Spirit.* \$1.25.
 Meigs, Wm. M. *Growth of the Constitution.*
 Mitchell, Donald G. *American Lands and Letters.* (Leather-Stocking to Poe's Raven.) \$1.50.
 Morgan, Augustus de. *Differential and Integral Calculus.* \$1.
 Penfield, Frederic C. *Present-day Egypt.*
 Ribot, Th. *Evolution of General Ideas.* (Trans. by Frances A. Welby.) \$1.25.
 Sanders and Kent. *The Messages of the Bible.* (Latter Prophets.) \$1.25 net.
 Ginn & Co.
 Doubleday & McClure Co.
 Hardy, Pratt & Co.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
 Esty & Esty.
 Henry Holt & Co.
 Century Co.
 Johns Hopkins Press.
 Imp. by Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 D. Appleton & Co.
 Open Court Pub. Co.
 Ginn & Co.
 Van Nostrand & Co.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 J. B. Lippincott Co.
 Ginn & Co.
 Ginn & Co.
 Doubleday & McClure Co.
 Maynard, Merrill & Co.
 Ginn & Co.
 Ginn & Co.
 Imp. by Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Macmillan Co.
 G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 J. B. Lippincott Co.
 G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Longmans, Green & Co.
 Longmans, Green & Co.
 Longmans, Green & Co.
 Ginn & Co.
 Dodd, Mead & Co.
 J. B. Lippincott Co.
 R. B. Raven. \$1.50.
 Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 London: Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.
 Century Co.
 Open Court Pub. Co.
 Chas. Scribner's Sons.

- Saunders, Frederick. *Evenings with the Sacred Poets.* \$3.
 Sayce, Rev. A. H. *Babylonians and Assyrians.* \$1.25.
 Scharff, R. F. *The History of the European Fauna.* \$1.50.
 Scheffer, Ary. By Elbert Hubbard. (*Little Journeys.*) 20c.
 Shoemaker, M. M. *Quaint Corners of Ancient Empires* (So. India, Burma, and Manila). \$2.25.
 Skrine and Ross. *The Heart of Asia.*
 Smith, Orlando J. *A Short View of Great Questions.*
 Spanhoofd, A. W. *Lehrbuch der Deutschen Sprache.* \$1.
 St. Clair, Wm. T. *Cæsar for Beginners.*
 Sylvestre and Morand. *Messalina. (Lyric Tragedy.)* (Translated by V. Blackburn.)
 Tarde, G. *Social Laws.* (Trans. by H. C. Warren.)
 Taylor, Isaac. *History of the Alphabet.* 2 vols. \$5.
 Thomas, Émile. *Roman Life under the Cæsars.*
 Troeger, John W. *Harold's Quest. (Nature-Study Readers III.)*
 Waldstein, Chas. *The Expansion of Western Ideals and the World's Peace.* \$1.50.
 Wentworth, G. A. *Solid Geometry. (Rev. ed.)*
 Winchester, C. T. *Some Principles of Literary Criticism.* \$1.50.
 Thos. Whittaker.
 Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 Imp. by Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 J. B. Lippincott Co.
 The Brandon Co.
 Heath & Co.
 Longmans, Green & Co.
 London: J. Miles & Co.
 The Macmillan Co.
 Imp. by Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 D. Appleton & Co.
 John Lane.
 Ginn & Co.
 The Macmillan Co.

Poetry

- Breyfogle, Wm. L. *Sense and Satire.*
 Corson, Hiram. *Prose and Poetical Works of John Milton.* \$1.25.
 Hale, Will T. *An Autumn Lane.* \$1.
 Hall, Tom. *When Love is Laid.*
 Heath, Gertrude E. *Rhymes and Jingles.*
 Matthews, Brander. *Ballads of Books Chosen by.* \$1.25.
 O'Hagan, Thos. *Songs of the Settlement.*
 Shakespeare's Sonnets. \$1.25.
 Slocum, Grace L. *The Vision of the Madonna.* 50c.
 Westlet, G. H. *For Love's Sweet Sake.* \$1.50.
 Wilson, Robt. *Laurel Leaves.*
 Rand, McNally & Co.
 Macmillan Co.
 Barbree & Smith.
 F. A. Stokes Co.
 Editor Pub. Co.
 Dodd, Mead & Co.
 Wm. Briggs.
 John Lane.
 Thos. Whittaker.
 Lee & Shepard.
 Archibald Constable & Co.

A Special Offer To Our Subscribers

We shall send a *complimentary copy* of any one of the following books:

Little Journeys to the Homes of
Good Men and Great American Statesmen
Famous Women American Authors
Eminent Painters

Each, Illustrated, \$1.75; or 5 vols. in box, \$8.75

Phillpotts's "Children of the Mist," - \$1.50

"Representative Essays." Being a selection
 of the essays from "Prose Masterpieces from
 the Modern Essayists," - - - - - 1.25

to anyone whose name is already on our subscription list,
 if such subscriber will secure and send to us the price of
 two new 12 months' subscriptions, \$4.00.

THE CRITIC CO, 27 West 23d St., New York